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IRISH HARROWING.

PADDIANA;

OR,

CRAPS AND SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE,

PRESENT AND PAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOT WATER CURE."

44918

"I have laid downe heere to the reader his view, a breefe discourse, whereof I trust he shall take no great surfet. And when I am aduertised that he will digest the thin fare that heere is disht before him, it may be (God willing) heereafter that he shall find my booke with store of more licorous deinties farsed and furnished; leauing to his choice either nicelie to pickle, or greedilie to swallow, as much as to his contentation shall best beseeme him." RICHARD STANIHURST.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PADDIANA,

&c. &c.

INTRODUCTION TO IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

My introduction to Ireland was made before steam-packets came into general use, though they ran even then between Holyhead and Howth; but this I believe was the only line. It is amusing, in these days, to recall to memory the fears expressed at that time on the subject of steam-power, not only by "elderly ladies and ecclesiastics," but by a great majority of all ages and classes. Sea-faring men of every kind were against it. "None of your tea-kettle ships!" was the common cry; and the possibility of a steamer crossing the Atlantic, or reaching India, would

have been thought too absurd to be entertained for a moment. But, notwithstanding the fear of its danger and the ridicule of its success, there was a sort of undefined consciousness of its ultimate adoption, which people wilfully, but unsuccessfully, tried to banish from their minds, and which even sailors and old ladies could not quite get rid of.

I embarked at Liverpool one fine evening in September, in one of the regular sailing packets, for Dublin. She was a rather large cutter, something of the old Margate hoy species, commanded by an Irishman; her crew were Irish, as were also her passengers to a man, excepting myself. It was the first time in my life that I had ever mixed with the Irish, or even had any communication with individuals of that country, and it was not without a feeling of some interest that I found myself suddenly cut off from all other people and plunged wholly amongst them.

I was the first passenger on board; and having paid my passage-money and secured the best berth in the vessel, seated myself on the bulwarks of the Nora Creina, as she lay alongside the pier waiting the turn of the tide, and watched the arrival of the other passen-

gers. As the time of high-water drew near, they dropped in by twos and threes; the cabin passengers coming first to the number of about a dozen, all eagerly rushing below to secure the berths (six altogether), and all coming on deck again in apparent satisfaction at the arrangements they had made.

On the pier above stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in grey frieze coats, corduroy breeches, unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder, and every one with a large, long blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole fore-part of the vessel, and subsequently the waist, were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin-passengers were driven to the extreme after-part, alongside the tiller; but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin but every available portion of the deck was crammed with a dense mass of

human beings,—we of the state-cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.

How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned; and then bad weather might be expected.

"Sure, ofe'll shake in our places by and by," said he; "they'll be quiet enough when they're out of the river: it's then we'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his breeches;—no, not him, th' other with the big hole,—sure we can't take ye."

"Ah, musha, captain, won't ye lave me come? My brother's in it."

(Captain sings),—

"'Ah! who 's this?' says he;
'Tis my brother,' says she."

"Can't ye sit down aisy where ye are, and wait till I come back for ye? The divle a one

more—Cast off forward there—Haul the jib-sheet to windward—Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers—Haul aft the jib-sheet!"

And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb tide, and the wind dead against us.

If the reader has ever passed over London-bridge on an Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday Cockneys, the unvaried grey of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the "doodeen,"* instead of the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavoured Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

The wind was right up the river, but light; and it was supposed that, by making a good stretch down the Cheshire coast on the one tack, we should be able to fetch out to sea on the other.

* Short pipe, scarcely more than the bowl.

The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places: before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

About eight o'clock our jolly skipper invited the cabin passengers to supper and a glass of grog, and we stowed ourselves as we best could in the little cabin, though not half the number could get a seat at the table, the remainder bestowing themselves upon carpet-bags and portmanteaus about the floor, each with his plate on his knees and his tumbler beside him.

Our captain deserves some notice. He was a jolly, short, rosy-cheeked old sailor, who had been quartermaster on board a line-of-battle ship in Nelson's action at the Nile, and was a rough, good-humoured, kind-hearted, jovial fellow. I have met him often since: he was an excellent sailor, a kind husband, a fond father, and the most inveterate consumer of whisky-punch that it has ever been my fortune to encounter. And much good it did him,

to all appearance. Like Mynheer Van Dunk, "he never got drunk," but he mixed the fluids in fairer proportions than that worthy. He was opposed to dram-drinking; his liquor was honest toddy, weaker than half-and-half, but what might have been called stiff by a young practitioner. It was the vast number of tumblers that he took which surprised people. He owned to from sixteen to twenty in the twenty-four hours, though his friends said thirty-six, and his enemies (I doubt his having any) were understood to say that forty-eight would be nearer the mark. I take his own account, and pass it,—say twenty. He was full of good stories from first to last. He was one of those ready fellows that require no priming to set him going:—he was a self-primer. Perhaps I should say that, if there was a difference, from his tenth to his fifteenth tumbler was about the most jocose period: but the difference was so small as not to be worth mentioning. The worst of it was, that no man could drink fair with him; not that he was particular in insisting upon that punctilio, but those who tried it were never known to repeat the experiment. I speak of him in the past tense, though I have no reason to believe that

he is not still alive and drinking, unless indeed Father Mathew's innovations have produced in him a disgust of life: but one thing I think I may venture to say of him,—he has not yet taken the pledge.

To proceed with our voyage; the supper was composed of bread and butter and hot potatoes, and followed by whisky-punch, which I tasted then for the first time, and glorious liquor I thought it. As it was my introduction to that beverage, the honest skipper undertook to mix it himself for me, adding, however, a trifle of water to the just proportions, in consideration of my youth and inexperience.

Notwithstanding the seduction of the beverage, I was soon fain to quit the insufferably close cabin and return to the deck. The wind had nearly died away; it was a cloudy, sultry night, and a low growl of thunder came occasionally out of the dark masses to the westward.

The captain was too experienced a seaman to neglect his duty, and came up occasionally to see how things went on. As the weather looked threatening, the mate suggested a reef being taken in, but he decided upon carrying on as we were. About ten o'clock we were

standing well out to sea, with a freshening wind coming round fair, and I began to think of turning in for the night. What, however, was my surprise on going below to find nearly all the dozen passengers stowed away in the six berths, my own peculiar property not excepted, in which were two huge black-whiskered fellows snoring with up-turned noses, while a third was standing in shirt and drawers by the bedside meditating how he might best insinuate his own person between them. On appealing to the captain I got little consolation; he looked placidly at the sleepers and shook his head.

"Faith, ye're better out o' this," said he; "sure there's no keeping a berth from such fellows as them. That's O'Byrne—it's from th' O'Byrnes of the Mountains he comes, and they're a hard set to deal with. By my soul, you might as well try to drag whisky out of punch as get him out of that. And th' other's Conray the distiller—he's drunk; and by the same token it wasn't his own sperrits he got. Ye're better out of this. It will blow fresh presently, and a fine state they'll be in. Get your big coat, and I've a pea-jacket for you. You're better on deck; and if it rains towards

morning, there's my dog-hole you can go to. I'll not turn in myself. It's not much I like this coast, and the wind chopping about and coming round the wrong way. Faugh! faith, I'd hardly stand this cabin myself, much as I'm used to it."

By this time I began to partake largely in the skipper's disgust, and was glad to make my escape. The wind freshened every moment, and before morning there was half a gale blowing, with a short cross sea enough to turn a much more experienced stomach than I could boast of. I will not enlarge upon the nauseous subject of sea-sickness, but spare the reader both the scenes on deck and below. The captain's prophecy was fulfilled: the deck passengers, as the morning dawned, were piled in huge inert masses of grey frieze. There they lay, only moved by the roll of the vessel. Now and then one more cleanly than the rest would start up and run to the side, but the great body of the fine peasantry lay a loathsome heap of filth. Fortunately the spray came over abundantly, and the man at the helm was not too careful to save them a washing. As to getting the cabin passengers up at breakfast time, it was out of the question; not one

of them would stir, though they roared loudly for something to drink. I was pleased to find that the whisky disagreed extremely with the distiller, and that he of the mountains was brought down as low as could be wished.

During the whole day and following night we were beating against a foul wind and cross sea, and as much as I have roughed it since in transports, yachts, and open boats, in various countries, I have never seen any thing equal to those thirty-six hours. Let the traveller of the present day bless his stars that he is living in the age of steam by land and water, and mahogany panels, and mirrors, and easy sofas, and attentive stewards, and plenty of basins, and certain passages of a few hours' duration; and that he could not if he would find such a craft and passengers as these I am describing.

Towards the afternoon of the second day all hands began to feel hungry, and the more so as the wind had lulled a little and the sea somewhat gone down, and accordingly the greater part of the evening was spent in cooking potatoes, with a sea-stock of which every deck passenger had come provided. It was not a very easy thing for about two hundred

people to cook each his separate mess at one time and at one fire-place: but they tried to do it, and great was the wrangling in consequence. Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to think of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily. But towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between two rival factions; whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued as till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be try-

ing his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down to stamp him to death.

At the first appearance of the "shindy" the captain went amongst them to try and stop it, but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and getting over the side contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out the vessel was lying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm she came of course head to wind, and the mainsail jibbing swept the boom across the deck, flooring every body abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried

overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on, and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbours right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo shewed to the efforts of the Deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights. He was not wrong; a lull came at last, and there was more talking than hitting. Taking advantage of a favourable moment, he called out,—

"Well, boys, I wonder how we'll get to

Dublin this way? Will ye plaze to tell me how I'll make the Hill o' Howth before night? Perhaps ye think we'll get on the faster for bating, like Barney's jackass. Would ye like another week of it, if the wind changes before we get in? I hope the praties will hold out, but, at any rate, we'll have no water to boil them in after to-morrow. Better for me to hang out a turf, and say, 'Dry lodging for dacent people;' and dacent ye are, indeed! Now, I'd like to know which is the spalpeen that made fast this English lad in the rigging?"

Recalled to my own position by the eyes of all being directed my way, I found that, while intent upon the proceedings on deck, one of the crew had slipped quietly up behind, and lashed both my legs securely to the shrouds, where I remained perfectly helpless till the complication of knots could be undone, and I had promised, as is usual in such cases, to "pay my footing."

This circumstance, more than anything, contributed to restore good humour. From a roaring and furious mass of men, bent on each other's destruction, they went at once to

the opposite extreme, and there was a broad grin upon every upturned face.

"Faix, that was a cute thrick," said one: "that's a gallon o' whisky, at the very laste."

"Och! what's a gallon? Sure that's a gintleman, and will pay his footing handsome: long life to him!"

"By me sowl it is a raal gintleman, ye may be sworn; there's no half-and-half about him: sure I seen it when I come aboord. It isn't a trifle of a few pounds he'd mind, let alone shillings; the better for him that's got it to spare!"

"Will ye have a knife, sir? it'll be aisier than undooin' it. Ah, why would they tie him so fast? bad luck to them! Will I cut your honour down?"

"Faith, ye may be glad of th' offer yourself, Mick, one of those days!"

"Well, I'd rather than five pound it had been Conray; by me sowl, we wouldn't have let him aff under ten gallons."

"Indeed we wouldn't, nor twenty neither. I'd like to set that fellow's still running, and he tied up above, looking out for the Hill o' Howth; we'd drink success to him, and happy returns."

"That's right, Mick! slice away at that one. Murther! mind ye don't cut the ladder!"

"Here, yer honour, lane upon me." "Take my hand, sir, for fear ye'd slip." "Now jump this way—never mind their feet: sure they've their brogues on." "Were ye hurted, sir? Faith, it's a shame to spancel the gentleman, and he looking out for the Hill o' Howth!"

Some whisky having been produced, and served out in a small conical glass—the approved shape among dram-drinkers—every one holding it by the top rim, and making a face afterwards, as if he had swallowed physic,—

"Well, musha Pat, but that was a lucky tie," said one: "ye couldn't get that out of every Englishman."

"Ye may say that, a-vich! They'd as soon part with their blood as a drop o' drink."

"Indeed they would so. If ye ask an Englishman for a dhrink of wather, he'll tell ye there's a public-house on the hill! Wasn't he saft to give the sperrits?"

From this time the good humour was unbroken. An attempt then was made to get the distiller into the rigging, with some such insidious talk as this:—

"That's the Hill o' Howth—it's well I know it."

"Och, not at all!—that fellow's in Wicklow."

"Sorrow bit o' it; it's one of the Mornes, that one—sure I live nigh hand it."

"I'll howld ye a quart it's the Hill o' Howth—Mr. Conray knows it. Will ye tell us, sir, if you plaze, if it's the Hill o' Howth? (Divle a man in the ship can see further than Mr. Conray!")

"Faith there isn't, not one. Will ye decide, sir, betune us?"

"Och, how will he see from the deck? Will I help ye up, sir, a round or two?"

"Here, sir, put one fut here and th'other upon that boy's shoulther."

But the cajolery failed; that sagaciôus individual knowing full well the kind of mercy which he might expect in the matter of a fine of spirits. "Sure it's he that makes it, and divle a much it costs him," plainly betraying the animus of the expectant consumers.

I shall spare the reader the particulars of my introduction to this turf-smelling country —easily to be distinguished by its "native perfume," when the westerly breeze "whispers whence it stole those balmy spoils." Neither

shall I dwell upon the carmen, at present—a race that, next to the cads, is the most original in the country. How I was seized upon by at least ten of them, each grasping me with one hand and flourishing a whip in the other; each shouting at once the praises of his own car and horse, and crying down all others.

"An outside one, your honour?"

"An inside one, your honour?"

"A covered one, your honour? Mine's the covered car that will keep ye dhry."

"I'll have you there under the hour, ye may depind. Mine's the harse that will do it."

"He's spavined, sir;" (confidentially), "divle a fut he'll get beyant the town."

"Sure, yer honour wouldn't lave me, and I first wid ye!"

"You first! Sure I had him before he was out of the boat."

"Here ye are, sir—your portmanteau's in it;" and, with scarcely an effort on my part, I found myself on an outside car, *dos-à-dos* with the distiller, the flaps of my greatcoat tucked in by half a dozen hands, a cloak wrapped round my legs, a wisp of straw thrust under my feet, and rapidly leaving the town of Dunleary (since Kingstown) to the cry of

"Hup! hup! Go 'long out o' that! Hup!"

MR. SMITH'S IRISH LOVE.

He must be a sulky fellow who cannot speedily make himself at home in Dublin. They have an off-hand way with them. I hardly know what it is; but it saves a deal of trouble.

"Allow me to present you to mamma! This is my aunt. Would you like to go to Mrs. Burkes'? or Mrs. French's? or Mrs. Bodkin's? or Mrs. O'Connor's? or Mrs. O'Rafferty's? May I send you a card? Ask for me: I shall introduce you—I shall be delighted!"

In fact, there was a something so enticing about them, that even John Smith—plain, plodding, prosy Smith—cold, calculating, unimaginative Smith, could do no less than fall in love.

Louisa Donovan was an Irish beauty of the

first class: it is therefore unnecessary to say that she came very near perfection—nay, I suspect that, physically, she attained it. The hypercritic might perhaps have taken exception to the size of her foot and ankle, but I think, upon reference to the best models, your ancient Venuses will be found of substantial under-standings, and rather leaning to the Irish developement than the *beau idéal* of a French ladies' shoemaker.

Her hair, eyes, and eyelashes were nearly black, but her skin was of a dazzling fairness. She was a fleshy beauty—a lolloping, lazy, languishing love. She took no trouble about any thing: *laisser aller* was her motto. When she crossed the room, she dragged her slow length along as if the effort was really too overcoming; and she flopped into an easy chair with such an air of indolent happiness, that it positively made you yawn to see it.

How she mustered up energy enough to dress herself was a mystery; certain it is, that whether the operation were performed by self or deputy, it was but indifferently done. Her clothes looked as if thrown on by chance, and although the dress had contrived somehow to get fastened, it seemed to have been done in

the dark. Hook No. 1 was generally in conjunction with eye No. 2. Sometimes she wore an ear-ring, sometimes two, oftener none; and when she did display those ornaments, they were generally foul with the tangles of her dark, dark hair. Such hair I never beheld! I doubt the fact of its ever being brushed; but for length, fineness, and excessive luxuriance, it had no equal, out of Macassar. Then her collar was always wrong: tucked in on one side, perhaps, and on the other, wandering away over the shoulder. One was sometimes tempted to think there was a spice of coquetry in this to draw attention to the fair skin and rounded *contour;* but, on second thoughts, you acquitted her of taking any trouble at all about the matter. What a fat, soft hand she had! and what long, slender fingers! tipped, not with oriental henna, but —I grieve to say it—more frequently with Irish ebony. Poor dear! she was suspected of having very vague and unsettled notions about soap and water, and to be rather averse than otherwise to their application. Even Smith, enamoured as he was, rather dreaded to see her in short sleeves, lest high-water-mark should be too apparent about the wrists; and

no one could look at the back of her neck without thinking of the invaluable services of Tom Pipes.

It must be conceded to Miss Donovan, that she had none of the "adulteries of art" in the scheme of her toilet. Hers was the "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," and there was about her altogether a "sweet neglect," enough to have taken the fancy of Rare Ben himself.

Though rather disposed to fastidious nicety in personal matters, Mr. Smith somehow became enamoured of this piece of angelic nastiness—"so full of shapes is fancy;" and yet he was more than half angry at it. But what can you expect from a raw fellow but little over twenty? Why, there was an archness in her dear, dirty face, that might have bothered a sexagenarian.

She had a brogue, too — the richest and most teeming brogue that ever came from an Irish mouth. How the straight and narrow passage of her lips could give vent to anything so broad was a puzzle, but it came rolling out, like every thing she did, without an effort.

But Smith had it not all his own way: that would have been too much to expect. There

was a "snag"—a "sawyer," that ruffled the dimpling course of his true love.

There was a First Cousin!

Now it does appear to be a sad mistake, that this particular relationship should have been left out of that "Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whosoever are related are forbidden, in Scripture and our Laws, to marry together." Considering the excessive caution with which we are guarded against our grandmothers, this omission is really an unaccountable laxity.

But there was a First Cousin—Alexander Casey, of the county of Roscommon, Esquire—Sandy Casey with his intimates, Sandy alone at his aunt's. This fellow was the bane of Smith; whether he turned out, eventually, his antidote, I will not anticipate by informing the reader. He was always in the way—there was no getting rid of him: his time was his own, and he imparted it to his friends with ruinous liberality. The sacrifice which he made at his aunt's of this valuable commodity was awful. If it had been really money, as some pretend, he was clearly in the high road to bankruptcy. Wherever the fair Louisa might be lounging, wherever driving, wherever

walking, there you might be sure was the eternal Sandy.

He was a cool, good-humoured, placid-featured fellow, without much to say for himself; but from his being a general favourite with the ladies, it was presumed that he had hit upon a style of silent eloquence to the full as effective as words.

Once, in a party, the buzz of conversation suddenly ceased; yet one soft voice was heard from a corner to say in a demi-whisper, audible to all the room,—

"Ah, Sandy, don't you be squeezing my hand!"

Fourteen pairs of eyes, belonging to as many dowagers, were instantly brought to bear upon the place with the intensity of burning lenses. They went like augers through the scattered furniture by which Miss Donovan and her cousin were partially screened, and traversed with a searching focus every line of space between the pair; but nothing was brought to light save the fair Louisa "looking tranquillity" in an easy chair, with one hand a little over the elbow, and Mr Casey picking up a fallen book from the floor, his face unruffled as a summer lake.

In dress, Sandy Casey was unrivalled. He was the extremity of the extremes of Grafton Street. Were rough over-coats the fashion, he was a biped bear. Were low collars the mode, his was little wider than a hem. Were gaiter-trowsers correct, he merely shewed a patent-leather toe. Of whiskers, nature had as yet withheld more than a reasonable supply; but the summer's growth might be anticipated from the vernal promise, and "mirific balsams" and "incomparable oils" were called upon to foster the incipient forest.

No one could have been in Sandy's company ten minutes without hearing of the "grate harss that th'officer bought," or the details of a "killing day with the Kildare."

Although hating him for his attentions to his dirty dear, Mr. Smith could not but allow that he was a good fellow enough, though a shocking bore. It has been already said that he was a general favourite with the sex: with the young he was "delightful;" with the elderly, "a dear cratur;" and even the most censorious of the fourteen dowagers pronounced him "a foine young man, if possible."

But notwithstanding his popularity, he was

a shocking nuisance in Harcourt Street; the more so from the doubt that hung over Miss Donovan's preference. He was too well established to be got rid of, and walked about the house a sort of pet lamb of the family; though from certain scarcely perceptible twitches about the mouth of Pat, the tea-boy, when inquiries were made about him, Smith shrewdly suspected that doubts were entertained by that functionary whether his lamblike appearance was altogether to be relied upon. With his aunt he had established a character for remarkable modesty and retiring diffidence; and Smith was often an involuntary listener to discussions upon that subject between Mrs. Donovan and her daughter.

Mrs. D. Ah, he's a humble lad; sure, he's not like an Irishman at all! It's his modesty, poor cratur, 'll be the ruin of him. What he'll do for employment it's hard to say.

Miss D. Don't you think, mamma, he'd rise at the bar?

Mrs. D Oh, the bar! What's the use of putting the poor cratur to the bar, when he can't say "bo" to a goose, and he so shy? It's he that's the bashful boy!

Miss D. Sure he might practise, but not in the coorts?

Mrs. D. Is it a chamber-counsel you mane? Ah, he'd never be able for the attornies. Sure, he's too good to be loose. It's his mother he takes after,—poor Milley! Indeed it's Milley Casey that was the pride of Roscommon before she met the Colonel. But what could she do when her husband left her? Ah! that was the bad man——

The conversation generally dropped when they arrived at the history of Milley Casey. It might be inferred, however, that her adventures had been of a chequered character, and that she had eventually eloped with a field-officer, Mr. Casey having previously set her the example.

Although Smith's liking for Miss Donovan was not without alloy, yet was it of such a nature that suspense became intolerable, and he at length screwed up his courage to the point of being enlightened on the momentous question whether he or Sandy was the favoured man. "I will call early," thought Smith, "long before that fellow comes abroad. I will catch this pretty sloven at her harp or her drawing, if she ever practises either. I will lead her to

talk of this incessant cousin, narrowly watch her smiles and frowns, above all, that dimple, which has more meaning than all the rest of her face, and then be guided by circumstances. I am rather disposed to look at the bright side of this question," quoth Smith complacently, and just turning his eye on the glass; "and yet that was a dashing attempt in the corner, a plucky effort to cut off an outsider of the flotilla, and an able retreat without loss upon discovery under the heavy fire of the dowager battery. But supposing for the sake of argument," thought Smith, "that I were to come off second best? Bah! the thing's impossible!"

The next morning he was early on foot. "Aha! my friend," said Smith triumphantly, as he passed through Stephen's Green, and saw the blinds still down in Sandy's bedroom, "this is a dodge you little suspected! You have to do with an early bird—perhaps another time you may remember the proverb —you little dream of the activity of some people while you are 'turning your sides and your shoulders and your heavy head.' I feel persuaded that the perusal of that pretty effusion of Mrs. Barbauld's was withheld from you in early youth, or perhaps had never pene-

trated to Roscommon. I rather think, friend Sandy," said Smith, looking cheerfully back at the bedroom as he turned the corner, "I rather think, to use a figurative expression, your goose is cooked!"

"Well, Pat, are the ladies at home?"

"Bedad, they are—so——"

"Where's the mistress?"

"Beyant, with Mrs. Ryan."

"And Miss Donovan, is she alone?"

"Och! why wouldn't she be? Sure it's airly."

"You are sure the mistress is not with her?"

"Ochgh! not at all!" with great emphasis and a twist of the mouth.

"Well, you have no occasion to go up—I can find my way." And he plodded silently and slowly up the well-carpeted staircase.

Many think, that next to calling upon a dentist, or having to wait upon Liston or Guthrie by appointment, there are few things more formidable than venturing in cold blood upon a *téte-à-tête* with a lady in an early part of the forenoon, with the avowed determination of bringing matters to issue on a tender subject. These little explanations, I am instructed, usually come off at balls or

parties, in walks or rides, in wanderings in shady lanes or by purling streams, in recesses in back drawing-rooms, or the protracted transit to down-stairs refreshment. Sometimes it appears to happen when sisters have silently and singly left the room, and mamma suddenly recollects some pressing engagement, "so nearly forgotten!" and retires in haste to execute it. It is a formidable affair under any circumstances, but I think he deserves a mural, or some other crown, who gets up early on a raw morning, with a touch of sleet in the wind, to pop the question. It requires the resolution of a Greenacre.

Mr. Smith paused a moment on the first step from the bottom.

"I really and positively like this girl," said he, in his homely way. "What a beauty she is!" (a step higher.)

"What a skin!" (another step.)

"It might, certainly, be cleaner!" (a pause.)

"Then her eyes — her figure!" (up to the landing-place.)

"Her bust!" (mounting the second flight.)

"Her rosy lips! her teeth! I wish she had a better tooth-brush!" (a pause.)

"But when we are married, we'll see what

Metcalf can do; and then we can get our brown windsor at the same time — cheaper, no doubt, by taking a quantity. But I am approaching the door, and how to attack her? Shall I rush to her feet, and in a burst of impassioned eloquence declare my *intintions*, as that fellow in Stephen's Green would say, or steal in on the pensive tack? No, that will never do: she may drop off in a doze before she fully comprehends the state of the case. The dashing system is the best; no doubt that was the way the Colonel carried off Milley." (A slight hesitation on the last step.) "'Brisk confidence still best with woman copes.' So here goes——"

"But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

Two persons, evidently, were in the room, and one of them, assuredly, a man. The conversation was carried on in too low a tone to enable Smith to catch the words, even if he had been disposed to listen. That he did so for a moment cannot be denied, and a sickening conviction came over him that the male voice was that of the accursed Sandy!

Now Mr. Smith hated listeners as much as any man — we all hate them. Nobody ever

has, or ever will, admit that he listened. The Roman sculptor put a slave in the humiliating posture. It is a practice repudiated by high and low. The officer who hid his adjutant in a cupboard, denied that he listened by deputy; and there is not a maid-of-all work, from Hammersmith to Blackwall, that would not "scorn the haction," however caught in the fact.

But if any man ever had an excuse for listening, it must be admitted that, all the circumstances considered, Smith was that man. To resist the temptation would have been superhuman; Smith was a mere mortal, so he advanced to such a position as gave him a full command over the interior of the drawing-room,

There, sitting, or rather lying back in the corner of a sofa, was the voluptuous form of Miss Donovan, and seated next to her—and very close indeed—was Mr. Sandy Casey; her left hand held in his, and his right arm extended behind the fair neck, which he was in the act of drawing towards him till, by a corresponding advance on his own part, the four lips met!

"Well done, Mr. Sandy Casey!" said Smith to himself, with a bitter merriment; "very well done, indeed, for the humble lad, whose modesty, poor cratur! would be the ruin of him!"

"'It's he that's the bashful boy!'" repeated Smith, quoting Mrs. Donovan, "who took after his mother, poor Milley! the Pride of Roscommon!"

"'Sure he's too good to be loose!'" Poor Smith thought so.

"'Chamber-counsel,' quotha! Most admirably adapted he seems for that particular line of business."

"'Sure, he might practise, but not in the coorts!' Not a doubt about it, and with immense success!"

It was a fix—a dilemma—a wet blanket: it was a break on the wheels to Smith.

But, after all, there are few situations so utterly bad and barren as not to afford a trifle of balm.

"At any rate," thought Smith, calling upon his Whitechapel notions for comfort, "at any rate there will be something saved in the article of brown windsor!"

He was getting over the sublime, and soon began to see the matter in another light.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

He nearly laughed outright, and passing quickly into the room, was before them almost before the lips had separated — actually before Sandy had time to resume his modesty, or the lady energy enough to call up a blush.

Seizing a hand of each, he joined them together, saying, "I publish the bans of marriage between Alexander Casey, bachelor, and Louisa Donovan, spinster. This is the last time of asking. 'Dearly beloved,' *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera,*—'And be not afraid with any amazement.' Permit me to claim the fee!"

Retaining the fair Louisa's hand, the wretched Smith drew her towards him, and fastened a long, good, savage kiss on her beautiful mouth; and then—like "The Pride of Roscommon"—he bolted.

* * * *

Seven years after the above passage in Mr. Smith's early life, he found himself again strolling about the well-known streets of the Irish capital. During that awful period his

connexion with Dublin, and almost with Ireland, had been suspended. He had

"Put a girdle round about the earth,"

and, excepting some passing notice in a chance newspaper, was ignorant of the births, deaths, and marriages amongst his Irish acquaintances.

That Sandy Casey and his fair cousin had taken the pretty broad hint given them at his last interview and married, he thought there could be little doubt; and as he wandered about the streets, he looked into every carriage in the hopes of recognising the beautiful features of Mrs. Casey, and at every horseman expecting to discover Sandy.

But all in vain. Grafton Street exhibited the same description of good-looking, athletic, free-and-easy young fellows; the same abundance of whiskers and exaggerations of the reigning fashions, as formerly. The ladies were the same examples of lovely untidiness; they had the same straggling hair, the same long points to the fingers of their badly fitting gloves, the same expression of arch simplicity in their features; and were, in short, the same lovely, fascinating creatures, that Smith had formerly known them to be.

There was the country-cousin, in his seedy cut-away coat and long-haired rabbit-skin hat, walking arm-in-arm with the ultra-metropolitan "Swell:" there were quite as many bare-footed beggar-women at the carriage-doors, and the cads seemed to have about the same bunch of rags hanging to their shoulders by the one suspender. He saw many a well-known feature at Dycer's; and there, indeed, he could almost have identified the individual duck-hunters. He could almost have sworn it was the same spavined mare that he saw trotted out seven years before, warranted sound wind and limb, up to any weight in any country—the same groom riding her over the bar; and the first words he heard the auctioneer utter were precisely those delivered by him when last he left the yard,—

"If there's no advance upon ten pound, she's GONE!"

Ruminating upon the immutability of men and things in this interesting country, Mr. Smith found himself in Harcourt Street, abreast of the well-known residence of Mrs. Donovan.

If there is any thing more rash than another, it is revisiting an early love; especially

one that has been married seven years. In nine cases out of ten it is an impertinent intrusion. Pass on, Smith, let bygones be bygones; don't disturb the peace of families, and be voted a bore. Hurry, Smith; remember you are a "have-been" yourself, and make no exchange of recollection for reality. Permit yourself, for a moment, to imagine what a slovenly spinster may be after seven years' marriage! Think of crows' feet, *embonpoint*, and six children. Are you prepared to nurse the baby?

At this thought Smith made two rapid steps in advance, when the dining-room curtains caught his eye. They were evidently the same moreen — faded, but the same. Old scenes began to reappear; and his thoughts having taken their cue in the upholstery line, settled upon the "mahogany," under which his feet had so often nestled. He thought of Mrs. Donovan's favourite boiled mutton and capers, and the glorious old port of Mr. Donovan—Brookes's, with the black seal, as it was called. He bethought him of the many festive passages that had come off over that polished Honduras; and remembered the treasured joke of the deceased Donovan, that a table

was never so brilliant as when there was plenty of wet upon it. Then, the centre spike of the area railing was wanting, as of yore; and the lowest step of the door-flight had not yet been either mended or replaced where he well remembered a piece to have been chipped off, tradition said, by an eccentric cornet of heavies, who had a trick of riding up to the door to ring the bell.

Still, Smith might possibly have passed on had not a sudden thought struck him. "Who knows," thought he, "but matters may have remained unchanged within as without? It is far from impossible that Mrs. Donovan may still be in the flesh and the brown tabinet; and perchance her fair daughter may be even now a Miss! She must be—let me see—why, certainly, not more than seven-and-twenty. These Irish ladies wear well. By Heaven!" said Smith, running nimbly up the steps, "she is at this moment in the absolute perfection of the prime of life! A magnificent woman, no question: decidedly improved in every way. Poor dear girl! her mother, though an excellent person, was one of the old school, and, I have no doubt, neglected to inculcate with vigour a knowledge of the duties of the toilet.

By this time her own good sense will have set her right on this point; and, besides, I am pretty sure that, of late years, there has been an exemption in favour of Ireland as regards the duty on soap. I am for measures, not men," said Smith, as he gave a thundering rap at the door; "and whoever did this, whether Whigs or Tories, I honour them for it!"

Just as he was preparing to inflict another double on the door, and getting ready to give a hearty shaking to Pat when he opened it, behold! a gentleman in a strange livery presented himself—a staid, formal footman, with ample calves in unwrinkled cottons, and a well-powdered head emitting an odour of bergamot pomatum.

Mr. Smith was rather taken aback. "The spirits he had raised abandoned him." The man knew nothing of Mrs. Donovan, nor of Mr. Casey. Could not possibly tell where they might be; had lived in that house upwards of three years, and never heard of such people. Not impossible that the charwoman might know something about them. (Here a slight movement, as if to make inquiry, when, seeing Smith eye the hats and coats, a new idea appeared to arise.)

"Oh no, sir, quite sure the charwoman knows nothing about them. Don't think you are likely to obtain information hereabouts." (Gradually closing the door.) "Good morning, sir; sorry I can't obleege you;" and finally shutting him out as he glanced at the coats, while an expression of "Don't you wish you may get it!" passed over his intelligent features.

Smith had very much the feeling of having been kicked out of doors; and had at once a painful aggravation of the sense of solitude one feels when alone and unheeded in a great city: a solitude passing that of Selkirk.

Slowly he retraced his steps towards Stephen's Green, and had hardly the heart to look up at Sandy's old bedroom, where by a singular coincidence the blinds were still down, as on that eventful morning when he had last passed the place. He tried the house in the hope of being still the earlier bird, but in vain. Sandy had not been heard of for years. They *thought* he had married, and believed he had settled in the country, but where they knew not.

"He *had* a small property in Roscommon," said the landlord, laying an unpleasant emphasis upon the past tense; "but—— "I ques-

tion whether he has it still,—he would have said, if politeness had allowed him to finish the sentence.

Smith gave up the chase in despair: he abandoned the pleasing vision of his well-washed Irish love, and concluded that Miss Donovan, as well as the Roscommon property, were things of the past.

Some months afterwards, chance conducted Mr. Smith to a desolate part of the island, westward. Desolate it appeared on the map, for there were few names to indicate that thereabouts the natives were gathered together into towns or even villages: but in place of these the ingenious hydrographer had ornamented his canvass with tufts of grass, as they

"On Afric downs
Place elephants for want of towns;"

while here and there a range of hills shewed faintly on the surface, like a fossil centipede.

He took up his residence in a long, straggling, one-street village, boasting of a single slate-roofed house—the inn, all the others being cabins covered with thatch, or inferred to be so, under the weeds and barley and moss which

hid the original material; and amongst which the domestic poultry, and an occasional 'scald crow,' found a scanty picking. Before every house was a dunghill; beside every dunghill a filthy pool, in which they washed the potatoes; at almost every door, propped against the wall, was a man in a huge grey greatcoat, in the sleeves of which his hands were buried, a short pipe in his mouth, his breeches' knees unbuttoned, and his stockings wrinkled down to the ankle; then there was a bustling, barefooted, bareheaded, generally comely wife, a swarm of all but naked children, and a most independent pig. This last was perhaps the busiest of all; now giving a curious little eye to the potato-washing, then walking in-doors as if to see how the turf burnt; rudely scraping against the bare legs of the females, or rooting a baby out of his way with a toss of his snout, as he passed backwards and forwards; and all the while keeping up a small, querulous, maundering cry, that seemed to come from his lower stomach, and doubtless, in his language, meant "cupboard."

On the morning after Mr. Smith's arrival, and when just upon the point of starting in the pursuit of snipes, a gentleman rode into the inn

yard, and commènced a conversation with the ostler. There was something in the voice that Smith remembered, but paying little attention to it, he would probably to this day have remained in ignorance of the owner, had it not been for a little by-play on his part with the red-legged maid of the inn, and her exclamation,—

"Ah, Mr. Casey, go 'long wid ye! ye'r a sad man: sure ye ought to repint."

Smith looked at the horseman, but in the full-grown, muscular, black-whiskered individual before him could recognise little that belonged to the humble lad of former times; and yet a second glance convinced him that it was the same. It *was* Sandy, and going up, Smith shook him cordially by the nearest hand, without saying a word.

Sandy for a moment looked perplexed, and then uttered a screech that you might have heard half-across the bog; and not contented with this, he deliberately rose in his stirrups, and putting his finger to his ear, gave a holloa that set all the cocks and hens in the village gabbling, and might have been envied by any huntsman or master of hounds on the face of the earth. His next move was to jump from

his horse and catch the Englishman in his arms, in a hug the most affectionate bear could scarcely have rivalled; and seeing the red-legged servant, with round eyes and open mouth in an ecstasy of amazement at his proceedings, he would have served her in like manner, but for the superior nimbleness of her pink heels.

"Och, murther!" said Sandy, dropping naturally into the vernacular, "but this will be a great day at Casey's Town! Sure it's Louisa that will be right glad to see you. Mick, ye villain, put old Jack in the car till we have him up at the Place! Katty, will you run now and fetch down his portmanteau, or I'll pinch you into smithereens?" Here he suited the action to the word.

"Ah, can't ye stop? Sure it's a shame for ye!"

"Will you run now and take his things to the car?"

"Faith, I couldn't take it at all, nor the half of it. It's fowling he's come; sure there's bags fit to load the mail."

As soon as Smith could get in a word, he interfered to overrule his friend's hospitable intentions, and it was finally agreed that each

should pursue his original sporting plans—Smith to the bog, the other to the fox-hounds some seven miles off—while a note was despatched to Mrs. Casey, apprising her that a few friends were coming to dinner, though without mentioning names.

"Faith, we'll take a start out of her any way," said Sandy. "I wouldn't for five pounds Pat knew you were here—he'd spoil it all."

A few minutes before the appointed time the guest was seated on the car behind old Jack, and on the road to Casey's Town, or The Place, as it was called *par excellence*, from being almost the only habitable place within some miles of the village. It stood upon a slightly rising ground, which afforded it from the windows a wide prospect, bounded only by the horizon, of that description of country which the map-maker had so truly and ingeniously indicated with his tufts of grass; it was a level waste of bog, fertile in snipes, turf, and wild fowl, but little else.

Passing a dilapidated lodge, crowded with dirty children, they approached the Place by a moss-covered gravel-walk. The house was a plain white building without pretensions to

architectural beauty, and with a meadow in front sloping to the road. There was no attempt at either garden or flower-bed, but a scrubby plantation flanked the building, making some attempt to hide the offices, in which it signally failed.

The wheels of the Irish chariot had been heard as they drove up, and the master and Pat were at the open door to receive him. It was clear that Pat had not been let into the secret of Mr. Smith's coming, for on recognising him, which he did at once, he uttered a wild howl, and wheeling quickly round, made a bolt for the door. This movement, however, had been foreseen, and before he could possibly gain the house, Sandy had him by the skirt of the coat. The well-worn livery was not proof against this rude assault, and the one tail coming clear off at the waist, remained in his master's hand. Pat, nothing daunted, would have succeeded in effecting his purpose, had not his master seized him by the collar, and, with a curious variety of imprecations, threatened him with present death if he did not hold his tongue.

"Murther!" said Pat; "why wouldn't I tell the missis?"

"Whisht, ye villain, or I'll have the life out of ye!"

Not without a struggle they managed to reach the drawing-room, Pat ever ready to rush to the front, and only kept back by either a fist in his face or an arm thrown out on either side. At the unopened door of the drawing-room Mr. Casey made a pause, and addressing his servant in an impressive whisper, referring, no doubt, to certain audible clearances of the throat which he had noticed on the way,—

"If ye call his name out till I see if she knows him, I'll stifle you!"

But Pat was a man not easily baffled: he had made his mind to the announcement, though willing to keep on the windy side of suffocation, and the door was no sooner opened than he raised himself on tiptoe to get, if possible, his mouth above his master's shoulder, and shouted with the full force of his lungs,—

"Th' Army, ma'am!" as Mr. Smith was wont to be announced in former times, when wearing her majesty's uniform.

Mr. Casey was called to account for having planned and executed such a surprise; the scuffle in the hall and struggling ascent of the staircase having been more calculated to raise,

in an imaginative mind, unpleasant ideas of a resisted sheriff's officer than the entrance of a welcome guest.

"Sure, I tould him so," said Pat, backing out of the room to conceal the lost tail; "'twas a shame for him! and the mistress, maybe, in a delicate situation."

Before we proceed to the dining-room, it may be necessary to give a short description of this eccentric serving-man.

In person, Pat Finn was rather under the average height, and there was nothing very striking or peculiar in his figure, but his physiognomy was extremely droll. His eyes and nose are soon dismissed; the first were of a greenish grey, and the last neither Grecian nor Roman, but a fair specimen of the Irish variety; flattish about the bridge and rising into a small tump at the end, with nostrils well seen from the front. But the mouth was, in every sense, *the* great feature in Pat's face. It was singular in having no facings to the lips, but the upper lip shut down so exactly on the under one, that at a little distance the only indication of a mouth was a faint horizontal line drawn across the face from ear to ear. It looked as if some adept in the sword exercise

had produced it by the cuts five and six. Cut five having entered shortly below the left ear, the sword cleared itself under the nose, and the returning cut six, taking up the gash under the right lobe, finished at the same point as number 5, producing the most capacious receptacle for all edible substances that could be seen. As far as this mouth was concerned, no man had less cause to complain of being "cheated of feature by dissembling Nature."

Pat rarely laughed, but he had a way of screwing his upper lip to a point which was very comic. For his manners, it must be confessed that they bordered on the familiar; but then it must be remembered that he was an old and trusted servant, who had been born in the family, and most assuredly meant to die in it. So impossible an idea as that of parting with Pat Finn had never entered the head of either his master or mistress; still less into Pat's: in fact, he was as much a fixture as the roof of the house. Then he was ready for any thing. Such a system as a division of labour had never occurred to him. He drove the car, took a turn in the stable, was butler, footman, valet, and occasionally cook, particularly at a late hour at night. In this last capacity, devils

were his *forte:* he imparted a pungent relish to a gizzard or a drumstick that set the assuaging power of drink at defiance — they positively made you sneeze as they came in; and for compounding a "screecher" of punch he might have been backed against Father Tom himself. Indeed, I never knew but one man come near him in this point, and that was the codjūtor, as they called him, of a place near Cahirconlish. But to proceed with the story.

Pat having cautiously backed out, as if from the presence of royalty, contrived with the assistance of a few pins to remedy the mishap of the torn coat; and at his next appearance to announce an arrival, had resumed with his skirt the habitual gravity of his manners.

From half an hour to an hour after the appointed time, the party, amounting to half-a dozen, came dropping in, and they sat down to a plain and plentiful repast.

Scarcely had the fish been helped, when Pat (the only waiter) had occasion to leave the room, and on his return presented himself with only one skirt to his coat. It has been mentioned that the original accident had been partially remedied by the skirt being pinned on, but now some practical joker in the kitchen

had slily taken out the pins, and suffered the much-trusted domestic to return into the dining-room in the unseemly condition above mentioned; and the absurdity of his appearance was increased by the red plush breeches being patched on the seat with some dark-coloured cloth—something in the shape of a heart, sewn, or rather coarsely tied on, with packthread.

Mr. Casey was the first to notice the circumstance, when he lost no time in calling the attention of the guests to it, by a variety of telegraphic signs when Pat's back was turned; imploring and threatening, by all sorts of emphatic gestures, that no one would apprise him of his caudal deficiency.

There are two little traits in Pat's behaviour to which it may be necessary to advert, and which would have been needless to mention, had not the habits been so prominently brought forward by the circumstance of his lost tail. One was a remarkably springy and jaunty carriage: he did every thing with an air; and on the grand occasion of a dinner party, he indulged in this peculiarity to excess. For instance, when asked for any thing he would gently sink down a few inches on one leg, by bending the knee while he wheeled round, the

other leg being extended straight like the wheeling limb of a pair of compasses in describing a circle. Having brought himself facing that part of the sideboard containing the article required, he would gently bound forward with an *en avant* step, such as dancing-masters were wont to teach their pupils at a time when prancing through quadrilles was the fashion. This flourish, which would have attracted little notice under ordinary circumstances, was absurd in the extreme when performed by a man totally unconscious of the ridiculous exposure he exhibited at each evolution. The other peculiarity was a habit of thinking aloud; his sentiments, though murmured in a low tone, and without any movement of the lips, being pretty generally audible to the whole party.

Sandy Casey had no sooner discovered the state of Pat's rear, than he adopted a plan the best possible for shewing it off with effect to the company. He called for water, bread, beer, fish-sauce, and kept the unfortunate serving-man in a perpetual wheel. Pat bore this wonderfully well for a time, but became at last rather scandalised at his master's manners, which he justly considered to savour more of

looking to his own interests than attending to his guests, as a hospitable Irish host is wont to do; and in this view of the case he was strengthened by the uncontrollable laughter of the whole party, which he concluded to be excited by such an unusual course at a man's own board.

They were soon made acquainted with what was passing in his mind by an occasional "aside," heard during a pause in the merriment.

Pat (*aside*).—"Bedad ye're taking care of yourself any how! Ketchup! Sure I've tuk it twice to you. Soy! anchovy! vinegar! Hervey! Divle such a man ever I see for sauce! Faith, ye're making a holy show of yourself wid your pickles! By my sowl, ye don't give the rest a chance: ay, well they may laugh. Is it beer? Sure ye might ask them to take a glass of wine, they're most choking. Och, murther! is it mustard with salmon? That bangs all!"

This last order went far to produce some act of open rebellion, so monstrous did it appear in Pat's eyes. He affected at first not to hear it, and kept his eyes sternly fixed on the opposite wall. When, however, there was no mistaking

the reiterated command, he moved with slow and faltering steps, and a deprecating look, towards his master, with the mustard-pot in his hand, and holding it at arm's length behind him, he lowered his mouth to Mr. Casey's ear, and addressing him confidentially,—

"It's salmon ye're ating! Sure ye wouldn't ate mustard with salmon?"

The order, however, was repeated, and Pat, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, saw his master help himself desperately to the obnoxious condiment, and eat it with great apparent satisfaction. The expression of surprise mingled with disgust and doubt in the serving-man's face was so extremely ridiculous, that it produced a fresh roar, which very much scandalised and not a little chafed him.

"That you may die roaring like Doran's bull! what the divle you see to laugh at, it's hard to say. Bad manners to you, but it's a quare thing to be screeching at a man at his own table, any how. Perhaps it's a way they have in England. Faith, I believe you—so!"

After this fashion the dinner passed off, Pat remaining in uncomfortable ignorance, and his master losing no opportunity of shewing him off. At last, when he was removing the

cheese, Mr. Casey turned to him innocently, and asked why he mended his small clothes with a wax-end, when there was a tailor in the town? Pat, pausing in his career, quickly reconnoitred the part, when the whole truth flashed upon him. The look he gave his master, and then the company, was the most exquisitely comic that the human face could represent, but the predominant expression was certainly joy at the extraordinary conduct of all parties being so happily explained.

Dropping the cheese hastily upon the sideboard he rushed to the kitchen, and by the squealing that ensued might be guessed the kind of punishment he was inflicting on the originator of the practical joke.

* * * * * *

Passing over some years subsequent to this merry party, and the jovial fortnight which succeeded it—the dinners, the dances, the shootings, the huntings, the runaway mare, and Mr. Smith's imminent risk of suffocation in a bog, we will wind up this sketch of Mr. Finn with a characteristic letter written by him to our friend Smith, on the occasion of a serious illness which had befallen Mrs. Casey.

Pat Finn's Letter.

"PLEAS YOUR HONOUR,—

"This comes with my humble duty, hoping that your honour is in good health, as it laves me at present, thank God, barrin the missis, who is sadly changed for the worse since Dunn went. Sure the master could never abide him, becase it's always getting worse she was, and so he tould him; and says Dunn, says he, 'Sure I can't control events,' says he, 'Mr. Casey; but with the blessing o' God,' says he, 'we'll see what the spring will do,' says he. And with that the master says, 'Mr. Dunn,' says he, 'in the multitude of counsellors there's safety' (but it was doctors he meant, and I tould him so); 'in the multitude of counsellors,' says he, repeating it, for he's most like a child now, 'there's safety, and I'm thinking of asking Mr. Kisbey to meet you,' says he. And with that Mr. Dunn, drawing himself up, says he, 'Mr. Casey,' says he, 'I've nothing to say against Mr. Kisbey,' says he, 'but I'd rather not meet him. Anybody else I've no objection to,' says he. And with that the master got vexed, and some words passed betune

them, and Dunn tuk himself off, not to come back. 'Ah, sure,' says I, 'you would not send for Kisbey! Is it Kisbey, the coult, you'd have to the missis? Sure he killed Father Shea,' says I, 'divle a lie in it, for I seen it;' but he wouldn't be ruled.

"I'll tell your honour how it was. It was ony last spring, and Father Shea was confined to the house, and the master tould me to run down to the town and inquire for him, and take him a hare, 'for,' says he, 'he's fand of hare soup,' says he, 'and perhaps a drop will do him good.' And with that I went, and the door was open, and divle any one in it that I seen; so I walks into the kitchen, and there was Kit Flynn hating water. So I axed for Miss Biddy, that's t'housekeeper, and says Kit, says she, 'Sure she's up with the master, and Mr. Kisbey's attinding him, and the cod-jūtor's* in it; so,' says she, 'go up, Pat, for he's mighty fand of hare, and the sight of it, maybe, 'll revive him,' says she. So with that I goes gently up stairs, and the door was open and I walks in with a 'God save all here!' says I. 'You're kindly welcome,—

* Coadjutor, or curate.

come in,' says Mr. Ryan (that's the codjūtor); 'come in,' says he, 'Mr. Finn; that's a fine hare you've got,' says he, feeling it; 'that will make a great soup,' says he, 'for our poor friend: but I'm thinking he's most past it,' says he. And with that poor Biddy began to cry again, for I seen that her eyes were red, and it's full of trouble she was, the cratur. And I looked to the bed, and his rivirence was lying, taking no notice at all, but looking mighty flushed, and breathing hard, and Kisbey was mixing some stuff at the table in a tay-cup, and a quare face he made, sure enough. And Biddy couldn't stop crying and sobbing fit to break her heart, poor cratur! and she lifted her apron to her eyes, and faith I seen it's very stout she was. And Kisbey was moving an to the bed, stirring the stuff, and looking hard at the patient.

"'Whisht, Biddy,' says Kisbey, 'you'll disturb his rivirence, and maybe it's not long he'll be spared to you; sure it's a smart faver he's got: but anyhow,' says Kisbey, 'I think this will do him, for it's a febbrifewdge,' says he, 'and will rouse him in the bowels,' says Kisbey; 'and besides, there's a touch of the saline in it,' says he, stirring the cup again, and

making a face; 'it's my favourite medicine,' says he, 'in a crisis.'

"'Och hone!' says poor Biddy, crying out, 'what would I do if I lost his rivirence? Ah, Mr. Kisbey, you see the state I'm in,' says she: 'it's a poor case that you can't relave him,' says she, 'wid your crisis, and he hearty o' Thursday.' 'Ah, be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says the codjūtor, stipping up behind her mighty quiet (sure it's him that got the parish after Shea), 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, laying the heel of his hand upon her shoulther, and his fingers came down rather far, indeed; 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, 'for, by the blessing o' God, it will all be right wid him. Sure, if human manes can do it,' says he, "Mr. Kisbey can do it; he's a man of skill,' says he, 'and his practice extensive. So keep up your heart, Biddy,' says the codjūtor; 'but it's well to be prepared for the worst. We're frail creatures, and life's but a span,' says he, drawing her towards him, mighty kind; 'sure I feel for him,' says he, 'greatly,' pressing her bussom.

"And while the codjūtor was offering the consolation to Miss Biddy, I seen Kisbey houlding his rivirence by the nose, and trying

to put the febbrifewdge into him; but divle a taste he'd have of it at all, but kicked and struggled like mad.

"'Ah! hould still, Mr. Shea, and take it,' says Kisbey: 'it's the cooling draught,' says he, 'that will aise you. Sure it's mighty pleasant when you get it down,' says Kisbey, forcing it an him. Faith, I did not like to see his rivirence treated so rough.

"'Well, Mr. Finn,' says the codjūtor, 'you'd better go down wid your hare, and give it to Kitty,' says he, 'for the soup. Maybe my poor friend will like it,' says he, 'when the draught has aised him.' But the divle any aising did Father Shea get, barrin death, for he died that night. Oh! I'm fearful of Kisbey. But, any how, on Monday, he came to the missis, and when I tuck his horse,

"'Good morning,' says I, 'Mr. Kisbey.' 'Morrow to you, Pat,' says he; 'how's the missis?' 'Faith, she's but poorly,' says I. 'But, Mr. Kisbey,' says I, 'I hope you won't give her the febbrifewdge you gave Father Shea, the day he died.' 'Mr. Finn,' says he, mighty grand, 'it would be more becoming for you,' says he, 'to attind to your own affairs, and lave me to mine.'

"Sure he's angry becase I see what he done to his rivirence, but divle a much I care for the coult. So no more at present from your humble servant to command,

"PAT FINN."

* * * * *

"MICK DOOLAN'S HEAD."

(*First published in "The Sporting Magazine."*)

It was drawing towards the close of a winter's day, when an English sportsman plodded his way homewards across the country towards the capital town of the King's County. Being a stranger, and somewhat out of his beat, he ascended a low, rocky hill, in hopes to catch a sight of the distant tower, and ascertain, if possible, whether any road might be discerned tending in a direction towards it. Here a flat surface of bog met his view, stretching from the foot of the little eminence on which he stood, till it faded away into a distant and scarcely defined horizon.

It was just the kind of "waste" to puzzle an improver and distract an agriculturist; and even a "reclaiming" committee-man might be excused for giving it up in despair. Con-

trary to the form of bogs generally, it descended from the edge inwards, and there was a faint twinkle on its otherwise hazy surface, which gave promise of a central lake or lough.

But it had charms for our Englishman. He was a "man of many snipes," a persecutor of the duck family, and his life had been, in more senses than one, a wild-goose chase.

At the foot of the little hill, and on the very edge of the bog, stood a solitary cottage or cabin, built of the black bog-earth, and thatched with a material so exactly resembling the ground on which it stood, that it might have escaped detection but for a thin, wavering line of blue smoke, like a halfpenny riband, escaping by the chimney.

The Englishman pounced at once upon the house; and, walking through the ever open door, laid his gun against the wall, and with the usual salutation, "God save all here!" drew near the little pyramid of turf that was sending the blue riband up the chimney.

Seated in the recess of the fire-place—and one might say in the chimney itself—was a man in the primest condition of human happiness. The hinges of his body were at acute

angles; his elbows upon his knees; his chin upon his fists; his eyes upon the fire; and the bowl of a very dark pipe occupied, without any perceptible stalk, the corner of his mouth. There was only one break in the bland repose of his figure, and that was where his pleasant vice had made an instrument to plague him. Had it not been for the effort observable in his closed eye as the tobacco-smoke ascended from the bowl of his doodeen, you would have said that the picture of still life was perfect.

Moving about the house, with her hand in a worsted stocking, in the foot of which was sticking a darning-needle with its pendant thread, was an exceedingly plump and comely woman. Her fair skin, though not of the cleanest, shewing to advantage in the interregnum between the black locks of her capless head and the chocolate-brown of her dress, which, both in substance and colour, resembled a tanned fisherman's sail. Her naked arms and legs were also set off by the same contrast, aided by the black floor of the cabin.

The stranger's entrance caused a small sensation. The man made a dive into the waist of the house to welcome him; and the lady,

taking a handful of her petticoats as the readiest duster, swept them over the top of a three-legged stool, and placed it by the fire for his accommodation.

The intruder plunged at once into the subject of wildfowl; and if, instead of an Irish bog, it had been a summer lake in Lapland about which he made inquiry, the accounts could scarcely have been more promising. From pretty good experience, he had learned to receive with caution the flattering accounts of game afforded by the Irish peasantry under such circumstances. He well knew their habit of telling what they thought would be the most agreeable news to the anxious sportsman. They see his eye brighten as they tell of countless flights of ducks and impossible strings of geese—of snipes. "Ogh!" —as who should say, "Would you have me count the sands on the sea-shore?"

And who has not felt that they have touched the right chord? Can we help attaching some credit to the veriest quack that ever puffed, when he forces his nostrums upon us in every paper we read?—or totally disbelieve the prospectus of the most shameless bubble that ever came under the 7th and 8th of Victoria? We

are almost warmed into a belief in Irish patriotism, hammered into us as it is by the orators of Conciliation Hall.

"Bedad," said Larry Rooney, "if ye came here airlier ye'd have grate cracking. Sure there's a power of fowl, and a grate deal of hares in it."

"Thrue for you," said his wife; "sure the geese do be passing over the house for a quarther of an hour together."

"Ogh! many times I wished I'd had a gun. 'Twas ony Thursday I was goen through the bog, and I seen thirty an 'em; you might a'most have knocked 'em down with a turf, and they tired."

"Faith, then, it's at night they do be coming to the lough. Murther! they're in such hapes ye'd think they'd ony the one lough to come to!"

Who can wonder that the Englishman fixed an early day to open a campaign against such an unsuspecting enemy, never disturbed, by all accounts, since the bog was formed, and went home on his way rejoicing?

The appointed day was lowering and threatening—all the better. Plenty of wind was an assurance of good sport: if a touch of rain,

so much the better. He had chosen his time well—there was no moon; and a black bank of clouds seemed spread like a cushion for the brassy sun to fall upon.

The sanguine fowler dined early; encumbered himself with a Macintosh, filled his whisky-flask, put a comforter in his pocket, loaded himself with No. 3, and, provided with a coil of small rope to tie together the proceeds of the adventure, trudged some four miles to Larry Rooney's cottage.

Arriving there, half-an-hour after the appointed time, his disappointment was excessive to find the master from home. He had gone across the bog on some business—bad weather threatened, and such a thing as a gentleman, for the sake of a few ducks, going out in a dark night, with the prospect of a hurricane coming on, upon the wettest and most dangerous bog in the county, when he might stay by the fire and wait for better weather, was, to his simple notions, too great a folly to be expected. So, when the hour passed, he held himself absolved from the engagement.

Mrs. Rooney bore with much patience the vituperative epithets freely bestowed upon her

absent husband by the irascible sportsman, and put many innocent questions touching the nature of flight-shooting, and the proceedings of those interested in that diversion; much wondering, amongst other things, how gentlemen delicately reared can take pleasure in leaving their warm beds before daylight in the frost, and compass the destruction of fowl at a cost cheaply estimated at twenty times the amount of what the same could be purchased in the market, — with other wonderings, shewing her to be lamentably ignorant of human nature.

At last the fowler lost all patience.

"You have brought me here at much inconvenience," quoth he. "I have suffered the misery of an early dinner. I am ridden by a nightmare before her time. You hear this howling wind, and see how rapidly it is getting dark. It is the very night for the purpose. There was a blast! it almost took us into the bog, house and all. To go I am determined, and as your husband is out of the way, *you* must come and shew me the lough."

But here an unexpected difficulty appeared.

"Ah! I'd be afraid of my life to go into it afther dark—sure it's haunted!"

"Nonsense!" said the fowler; "come along; shew me the lough, and you can come back before it's quite dark, leave me to find my way off the bog, and, never fear, I'll defend you from banshies!"

"Faith, it's not the banshies I'm fearing, but Mick Doolan! Sure his sperrit walks! It's as thrue as ye'r sittin there. He was murthered down in the hollow beyant, and the murthering villains cut the head aff of him, and buried him and it in the bog. Sure, I wouldn't crass it afther dark for all the goold ye could give me!"

A considerable time was spent in this idle talk, but the fowler at length prevailed; and Mrs. Rooney, fairly teased into compliance, gave a reluctant consent to shew the wished-for lough; covenanting that, when she had pointed out the place, she should be allowed to return and send her husband to guide the fowler back again; the dangerous nature of the bog being such that no one, unless "to the manner born," could traverse it, even by day, without imminent risk.

The lady's scruples being overcome, she was ready enough to start before the evening quite closed in. Throwing a cloak over her shoulders, she was in her walking dress without further preparation; and after the unnecessary precaution, as it appeared, of shutting the door, she steered straight for the heart of the bog.

They had scarcely entered upon that part from whence the turf had been cut, before the fowler perceived how difficult it would have been for him to find his way amongst the endless labyrinth of ditches, which intersected the place in all shapes and directions. Sometimes they had to be taken at a leap. and the stranger, as he marked the course of Mrs. Rooney's white feet over the dark water, envied the agility she displayed, and the extraordinary sagacity with which she steered her course. It was warm work, for the lady held on at a killing pace; and when her companion halted for a moment to take breath, she urged him on with such phrases as "Hurry wid ye! it's a mile aff." But as they got into the bog the difficulty increased. They had to cross a part where the pools of mud covered with water entirely ceased, and the whole surface of smooth herbage, matted

together by its roots, rested on a thin mass of fluid of unknown depth. It was what is called a "Shaking Bog," from a surface undulating as you traverse it like the swell of the sea. No jumping was there required, but a brisk movement is indispensable, since at the slightest pause you sink down bodily upon the unbroken crust, till you appear in the bottom of a basin. Mrs. Rooney was indefatigable; though she neither stopped nor turned, she indicated the parts to be avoided by pointing with her hand, and having more than once floundered, knee deep or so, through the vegetable carpet, she struck off from her former course at an angle, loudly calling upon her companion to avoid the "well."

No man could have been better disposed to pay respectful attention to the proverb than our Englishman. It was his first appearance upon a shaking bog, and perhaps the dangers were somewhat magnified in his eyes. He remembered to have seen, in the Dublin Museum, the body of a man dressed in a hair shirt, which had been extracted from some such place as this, after lying there for centuries in his uncomfortable guernsey. He imagined the company that might be still

below, and the possibility of his dropping in amongst them. He mooted the case of being himself an occupant of some museum in a far-off century, and wondered if his fit-out would be ascribed to Stülz or Moses. He thought of Shane O'Neile and his luxurious habits, and hesitating a moment at a bit of suspicious green before him, saw the horizon gradually rising round him, and the black water rushing through the carpet with a gasping sound. Somehow, in the confusion, his heavy-nailed boots got entangled in the wiry herbage, and in the effort to pull them out he got deeper and deeper. The guide was nowhere to be seen—hidden, perhaps, behind the "swell," or (not impossibly) foundered herself. But help was nearer than he thought. Running rather than walking, or, perhaps, with a motion most like skating, was seen the dishevelled form of Mrs. Rooney, her cloak flying in the wind, her hair adrift, her arms thrown upwards, and screaming in the extremity of excitement,—

"Stamp! yer sowl! if ye wish for life! Drag out yer legs and hurry! This way—any way—stamp through it!—oncet ye go through ye'r gone!"

The fowler was not slow to profit by the hint, reassured as he was by the presence of the guide. It required but an effort; though where to tread was a matter of chance, since the oozing water had covered all the neighbouring surface. Onward skated Mrs. Rooney, unencumbered and light of foot: the waves grew less and less, and in a few minutes she paused upon a firmer surface to wait the coming up of her companion.

The first thought of the latter, on escaping, was to register a vow against shaking bogs generally, this one in particular, and passing a resolution to the effect that when he ventured next upon any bog at all it should be by broad daylight.

"But where's the lough?"

"Faith, yer honour, I believe we'll be there diractly; hurry this away," said she, striking off at a right angle. "Sure we wouldn't miss it?"

The stranger began to entertain some doubts upon that point, and even of his guide; it was clear, either that she had missed her way or that the lough was a mere creature of the brain, invented by this respectable couple to lure him into the adventure, with a view to

securing the small gratuity he might give them for their trouble. When, however, he heard the repeated ejaculations of surprise and anxiety, not unmixed with terror, which escaped from his companion, and saw the pace at which she led requiring his utmost exertion to keep up with her, he dismissed such unworthy suspicions.

At last Mrs. Rooney stopped. "Faix, I believe this is it," said she, with an air of doubt; "anyhow, if it isn't we've missed it!"

"This!—what! this piece of water, about as large as a good-sized blanket!"

"Faith, there do be a grate deal of fowl here mostly."

"You can't mean that they come to such a place as this?"

"Faith, they do so. Sure if yer honour was to take a sate on the dhry part, maybe ye'd get a duck."

Although exceedingly annoyed at the total failure of the expedition, it was impossible to help laughing at the coolness of this proposition.

"And so you would leave me sitting up here, waiting for the ducks, while you go comfortably home?"

"Faith, I wouldn't go home by meself—sorrow fut. Ye tazed me to come, and sure I must stay wid ye, short or long. Ah, why did ye taze me to come?" said she, giving way to her fears, and putting a fragment of her drapery to her eyes. "Sure I thought I'd repint it."

Things certainly looked unpromising. The night had fairly set in, and the wild fowl, if ever they did come there at the evening flight, which was extremely doubtful, had assuredly been scared away and gone elsewhere. There seemed but one course to pursue—to return to Mr. Rooney's house with all speed, to abuse that respectable personage, to doubt him and his on all future occasions, and to cherish the remembrance of the adventure as a valuable piece of experience in Irish character.

But how to recross the shaking bog? Mrs. Rooney admitted it to be impossible: and here was discovered the cause of her anxiety; for, in making a *détour*, they must pass over the scene of Mick Doolan's murder,—in her opinion a spot much more to be dreaded than the most dangerous shaking bog in the land.

It was such a night as Burns might have said "the devil would take the air in." The rain began to pelt in large drops against them,

and the low, ragged scud, seemed only just to clear their heads.

As they approached the fatal spot where Doolan had fallen, Mrs. Rooney's terror increased. She took especial care to keep the Englishman between her and the hollow, and gradually came closer and closer to his side. Yet with an unaccountable curiosity she continued to look out, now before, then behind him, in the dreaded direction. At first she took him by a pinch of the sleeve, then she had him by the pocket; 'till at length, as her scruples gave way to terror, she fairly took his arm and held it tightly with both her own.

The fowler, who was not without some sense of the ludicrous, could not fail to see the extreme absurdity of this situation. Here was he on a wild bog, in a dark stormy night, with a terrified woman hanging on his arm, and almost preventing his moving by her dodging about to look out for a ghost. He thought of the fair arms that had hung upon the place now heavily occupied by Mrs. Rooney, and contrasting the difference of the circumstances, began to extract amusement from the inconvenience. He contrasted in his mind's eye the splendid dresses of the Castle drawing-rooms

with the sailcloth gown of his present companion, and the spotless *chaussures* of the one scene with the black stockings which Mrs. Rooney had found in the bog. In a spirit of buffoonery, to which he was no stranger, he imagined himself in some brilliant ball-room, and assuming such a mincing step as the nature of the surface admitted of, with an air conforming, proceeded to address his companion with some of those *fade* gallantries which he had known to pass current on the like occasions. Now he was promenading with her in the intervals of the dances, then whispering soft things in a corner. Presently he took her down to supper, and spread before her a repast that the Barmecide would have delighted to feign.

To these polite attentions the poor woman, mystified by terror, and perhaps doubting the sanity of her companion, answered by such phrases as "Whisht!"—"Lord save us!"—"Will ye whisht, if ye plaze?" And such answers, together with her unmistakeable earnestness of terror, gave a zest to this absurd hilarity.

"Do take some more champagne?"

"Ah, will ye whisht? it's a shame for ye!"

"Try a jelly!"

"Ah, can't ye stop?"

"How divine was that last waltz of Strauss! We seemed to float in bliss! I never saw you look so divine! Pull a cracker!"

"Whisht, for the love of God!" said the poor woman, almost beside herself, and speaking close to her companion's face in a tremulous whisper,—"It's down beyant there, in the hollow, it was done! Ah!" cried she, with a shriek, "what's that?"

She trembled so violently, he was obliged to hold her arm to prevent her falling.

"I'll be upon my oath," she said, very earnestly, "I saw something moving there to the right, by the clear sky under the dark cloud. I'll swear," she cried, with increased earnestness, "if I was to die this minute, I saw the figure of a man; *and I know who it is!* Ah, why did ye taze me to come?"

The fowler looked towards the spot indicated, but could see nothing. The wind had now risen to a gale, and the darkness had increased to such a degree, that no object, however near, could be seen except against the clearest part of the sky. He gave the poor woman credit for a lively imagination, and set

down the appearance which had terrified her so much as a phantom conjured up by terror, knowing that they were in the act of traversing the scene of a horrible murder, and that popular superstition had peopled it with a spectre. The increased roaring of the gale almost prevented conversation, though Mrs. Rooney walked as close as might be to her protector, and still obstinately kept a look-out in the dreaded direction.

Perhaps the Englishman began to think that the poor woman's fears were becoming too serious for jesting, for he ceased the bantering tone of his talk, and, when the wind and rain permitted, bestowed upon her such small store of comfort as he was able to call up on the occasion. But while he was thus trying to rally her out of her fears she seized him violently by the coat, and pointing with her other hand across his body, exclaimed,—

"There!—there!—there! Do you see it now?—do you see it now? Ah, why did you taze me to come?"

The fowler did look; and certainly some object was moving in the direction pointed to, but was only visible now and then as it appeared above the horizon. He called aloud,

but no answer was returned: perhaps the roaring wind may have rendered the question or the answer inaudible.

Without giving way to the superstitious fears of his companion, the Englishman felt that there was something very suspicious in being dogged in this way, for he had now no doubt whatever of the reality of the first appearance which Mrs. Rooney had noticed, but with a loaded double gun he felt pretty secure from any open attack. Still he thought it right to keep a sharp look-out upon his flanks and rear, and cocked both barrels in case of the worst.

They had proceeded but a short distance when Mrs. Rooney screamed again, and directly to their right there was, at the distance of a few paces only, a tall figure standing motionless. There could be no mistake this time, and the Englishman demanded in a loud voice who it was; when the figure gradually began to sink into the bog apparently, slowly at first, then more rapidly, till it entirely disappeared. The Englishman knelt down as it descended to watch it against the sky, and saw it fairly sink into the ground, not rapidly, like a man plunging by a false step into the bog,

but with an equal and steady motion, till it was level with the surface. While he was rising from his knee, the attention of both was even more powerfully arrested than before, by seeing a sort of ball raise itself slowly from the surface of the bog to the height of six feet or so; and there, without any apparent support, become stationary.

"It's his head!" shrieked Mrs. Rooney, catching the fowler round the waist, and trying to hide her face under his arm. "Ah, why did you taze me to come?"

It was indeed extraordinary, and, it may as well be confessed, alarming. It *was* a head! He could have sworn to it.

"Holy Father!" cried the poor woman, sinking on her knees, and covering her face; "Holy Father! I see his eyes! It's Mick Doolan's head. I know him!"

The fowler looked at the suspended head, and felt a weight of cold clay at his breast. He saw, as far as he could believe his eyes, and in spite of every effort of reason to banish the idea, a human head standing bodiless and without support against the sky. He strained his eyes in silent horror; when suddenly, to his excited sense, the head seemed to grow

larger, and began to advance with a steady motion towards his own face. It was too much; and with an unaccountable desperation he rudely shook off Mrs. Rooney, who was clinging to his knees, and fired a barrel at the advancing object, which instantly fell. No sooner was the shot fired than there was heard a peculiar tone, a sort of whine, and ending in what seemed a low mocking laugh, scarcely audible.

But what was become of the lady? She was lying motionless on the bog: she had fainted. Here was an embarrassing situation! The Englishman's first care was to recover the unfortunate woman, which, after a plentiful application of water and mud, he effected; and having loaded again, left her sitting up half stupified, while he went towards the spot where the extraordinary appearances had shewn themselves. Here he walked about in every direction, called aloud, but no answer was returned; neither were there any signs of Mick Doolan or his head.

Whilst occupied in this way, the fowler's attention was drawn to a plashing noise in the direction of the place he had left, and he instantly became aware that Mrs. Rooney had

decamped, and, "winged with terror," was making her way across the bog with astonishing speed.

To lose her would be to be lost indeed! He called after her, but it seemed to have the effect of increasing her exertions to get away. In an instant the thought flashed through his mind, how persons lost in such places were prone to wander about in circles without a hope of escape, and that such a way of passing the lingering winter's night would be extremely unpleasant, setting out of the question the company of the headless Doolan. He pictured to himself how in his wanderings he might come again upon the shaking bog, and totally unable,

> "Through the palpable obscure, to find
> His uncouth way,"

should, without doubt, there perish miserably. His imagination, wrought up to a painful state of excitement, pictured to him the scene of the horrible murder and its circumstances;—the scuffle, the shrieks, the very sound of the heavy blows, the fall, the savage exultation of the murderers, and the groans of the dying man, mixed with the grating of the rough knife used in the savage act of decapitation.

All this he saw in detail, yet at a glance and in an instant of time; and a cold and creeping tremour passed over his flesh. He was by no means superstitious, but he felt that the objects he had seen were not of this world. He had actually watched the figure of a man as it slowly sank into the earth, and a head rise from the spot where the body disappeared, and sustain itself unsupported in the air! Nay, he had seen the features of the face, in his heated fancy; and Mrs. Rooney, who knew the murdered man, had recognised him, and proclaimed aloud that she did so. If the object he had fired at had been of flesh and blood, it must have been struck and killed at such a distance; but supposing it to be missed, the body of a living man could scarcely have escaped the search, or retired without noise. He might, perhaps, have been ashamed to say that he gave way to superstitious terror, but he felt almost persuaded that the spiritual trunk of Doolan was before him, while the "mopping and mowing" head was manœuvering to turn his flanks and attack him in the rear. In a word, he felt a sensation which few people care to acknowledge; but certainly his predominant feeling was an anxiety to quit that "blasted

heath;" and that he might effect that purpose, it was absolutely necessary that he should catch Mrs. Rooney.

She was already at a considerable distance, as could be inferred from the faint noise of her passage, but the fowler started with a good-will and strained every sinew in the chase. Sometimes he evidently gained upon her, for she was floundering close in his front, but some untoward plunge into the mud would cause him to lose ground again. But it was a sort of life-and-death chase, and he dashed forward, hallooing and entreating her to wait till he came up, but all in vain: his shouting rather increased her speed, as doubtless suggesting to her terrified senses that she had some demon at her heels.

Accident favoured the pursuer at last. Just as he began to despair of overtaking the fair fugitive, a lull of the wind enabled him to hear a low moaning close before him, and there was Mrs. Rooney up to her arm-pits in a hare-hole (a pitfall dug in the runs of those animals), and from which she was vainly trying to extricate herself. So confused and terrified was the poor woman, that she screamed and struggled still more when

she was approached, and made astonishing efforts to escape from the pitfall, which, however, is no easy matter, since the hole, small at top, is cut away on all sides as it descends, to take from the poor animal any chance of a purchase in endeavouring to raise himself out of the water.

Having caught his game, the fowler was secure of not remaining all night upon the bog; and he trusted that, if left to herself for a short time, Mrs. Rooney would learn to distinguish between him and the ghost.

Seating himself, therefore, on the turf, he calmly allowed her to struggle, throwing out a remark occasionally upon the extreme folly of plashing in the water when, by accepting a little assistance, she might be so easily extricated from her difficulties. The event justified his expectations; and after much pulling and hauling, several relapses into the pitfall—for she was a compact and rather heavy figure—Mrs. Rooney was dragged up completely exhausted, and in a condition that might be guessed at, but, fortunately, could not be seen.

After a little rest, and a sup from the whisky-flask, which did wonders, the pair

proceeded on their way; and after various flounderings in deep holes—numberless falls amongst the small turf-stacks set up to-day, arrived at Larry Rooney's cottage at last.

The master had not yet returned, so, administering another drop of cordial to the lady, the sportsman plodded his solitary way homeward.

It is not easy to paint the astonishment with which he was received in the well-lighted dining-room, or the roar of laughter that succeeded when his friends recognised him. A looking-glass was speedily produced, and certainly a more grotesque object could scarcely have been seen, coated as he was from head to foot with bog mud, and not only his face, but every thing about him of a deep black.

He must have been a man indeed devoid of curiosity who had not felt curious to clear up the mysteries which hung upon this night's adventure. At an early hour next morning our Englishman was on his way to Larry Rooney's cottage. The worthy couple were at home, but there was an air of reserve and sheepishness about them which he could by no means account for. The woman blushed and pouted,

and Larry was fidgetty. He, however, took his seat by the fire, and trusted that a little time would bring matters to light: he also brought out his whisky-flask, which had done such wonders the night before, and insisted upon "glasses round." Larry soon began to thaw.

"Bedad, Captain, that was a great shot ye made at the hat!"

"Hat! what hat?"

"Och! murther! ye thought it was Mick Doolan's head ye were fowling; but *here's the head!*" So saying, he produced a hat pretty considerably riddled with No. 3.

A little cross-questioning drew out the whole truth. Larry, it appeared, despairing of the appointment being kept in such weather, crossed the bog to see a farmer on some business on the other side. On his way back, he thought it as well to make a cast towards the lough, in case his guest should have come after all. He had nearly overtaken the pair just as they started on the way homeward, and being struck with the jocose tone of the conversation, certain misgivings crossed his mind; the foolish fellow became jealous, and resorted to the dangerous experiment of watch-

ing his wife. Relying upon the darkness, he kept parallel to them in a stooping posture, and it was only when passing a part of the sky brighter than the rest, or fancying himself safe in the distance, that he ventured to stand upright, when his presence became revealed. On these occasions he had sunk down on the bog; and in the last instance, having incautiously approached very near, he calculated rightly upon frightening his wife at least, by raising his hat upon the long slender stick he carried, when it was mistaken, as he rightly conjectured it would be, for Mick Doolan's head suspended in the air.

Mrs. Rooney was naturally a little put out at her husband's unjust suspicions, hence the passing cloud upon her comely face; and the flight-shooter felt that his share in the adventure, if not of consequence enough to "point a moral," would assuredly "adorn a tale" if it became known; so he thought it prudent to bestow a small amount of hush-money upon Larry, under the name of remuneration for the old hat, with some sage advice touching unworthy suspicions and too practical experiments on the nervous system.

"Well, faith," said Larry, at last, in his

usual cheery tone, "I believe yer honour's right; but when I heered ye talk of yer bliss and yer crackers, the divle a bit of me knew what to make of it at all!"

STILL-HUNTING.

Disguise it as you will, but there is a natural love of elbow-room amongst mankind which drives them into waste places,—to the moors and the mountains, to Ben Lomond or Barnes: and it is strongest in us of the Lackland family. We hate gates and hedges; they are counsellors that "feelingly persuade" us what we are. We grasp at the ghost of a tenure, and on a wild heath seem to have and to hold by Nature's own act and deed. We have no friendly feelings towards him who threatens man-traps and spring-guns, and detest those two magistrates who have stopped the footpath. How we feel the insulting curtness of "Beware," "No thoroughfare," and have our sympathies enlisted for the poor trespassers so cruelly menaced at the corners

of plantations! But, above all, we loathe the arrogant benevolence of him who tells us to "Mind the dog." We see through this fellow. It is an attempt to throw upon a generous animal the odium of his selfish conservancy, and save his grass under the cloak of philanthropy. We are tempted to exclaim, "We don't mind him the least!" and have a rebellious excitement in the doubt of being gnawed and worried.

It was with such feelings strong upon him that our sportsman toiled, through an August day, over one of the wildest portions of the Bog of Allen. There is beauty and sublimity even in a bog; it is vast, silent, solitary. He had the dirty acres all to himself. Not a sound was heard, save, perhaps, the low twittering of some siskin or mountain-finch coming out to reconnoitre the intruder upon his solitary reign. Neither tree, hill, nor living creature broke the level uniformity of the horizon: "the wide o'erhanging firmament" rested upon an ocean of purple flowers.

Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine grey moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odour of the bog myrtle, he threw

his gun and game bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene.

There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game at leap-frog, or the power to throw a summerset, or the license to shout aloud; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gay little *chanson à boire*, murdered "Alice Grey" outright, and still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck and gave with that hearty goodwill,—that unmistakeable *con amore*, only seen in those who sing without an audience —the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock:—

"When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.
I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast.
Oh! these were the joys of our dancing days," &c.

"Bedad, ye may say that!" said a voice within ten yards of him; "that's the way I

coorted Kitty. "If ye'd been consaled on the premises, ye couldn't have tould it better!"

If a thunderbolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog boside the grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this most unlooked-for greeting. And the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his feeling of wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the grey moss with which the place abounded, there peered forth the good-humoured face of a man about thirty, lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowing, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance shewed nothing of the judge's gravity.

The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter.

"Faith, it's true for you!" said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him; "but how the divle ye came to know it, sorrow know I know. It's shy enough she was at first, but it's meself that stuck to her. I'll tell

yer honour all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that's her father). 'Let her be,' says he; 'wait awhile, sure the heifer's young, Any how, ye'r rough in yer ways,' says he. 'Faith, Mr. Hickey,' says I, 'it's becase I'm in airnest.' 'Divle a doubt of it,' says he; 'but that's no rason why ye'd be crushing my choild wid yer hugs. Any how,' says Lanty, 'I'll not consint to it yet; sure I can't spare her till we've got in the praties. What could I do wid all the crap on my hands? So hands aff's fair play,' says he. 'Besides,' says Lanty (sure he's a cute ould chap, that one), 'where would ye take her if ye were married itself? Ye'd bury her underground,' says he, 'in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it's no place to take me daughter to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convanience, in Killbeggan. If she did consint, it's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There's Burke of Athy, says he's proud to discoorse wid her when he comes this away; and it's not a week ago,' says he, 'that Oolahan, the grocer, sent me the half-gallon of Parliament: it's long since ye did the like o' that, or even potecn itself. Faith,' says he, 'the laste ye could do

would be to fill the keg in th'other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for the winter,' says he. 'Och, murther!' says I; 'Mr. Hickey, ye'r hard upon me,' says I, 'wid yer Burkes and yer Oolahans. Is it Oolahan? sure ye wouldn't marry yer daughter to an ould man like him? The divle a taste of a grandfather ever ye'd be, barrin what I'd be shamed to mention. Come,' says I, 'Mr. Hickey, ye'll give me yer daughter—she's fand o' me. Clap hands upon that,' says I, 'and I'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the real stuff,' says I; 'onçet ye taste it ye'll put Oolahan's Parliament in a jar and throw stones at it. And I'll build ye the stack if ye'll wait till the turf's dhry; I've a rare lot o' the deep cutting,' says I, 'as hard as stones.'

"Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits, and the turf, but the divle a Kitty I got; and I heerd it's aften they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. 'Faith,' thinks I, 'the next thing 'll be I'll have the gauger (sure he's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Phillipstown jail. But, any how,' says I, 'I'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come,

I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. 'Now,' says I, 'Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't discoorse so fine as Mr. Oolahan,' says I, 'but, anyhow, bring out the kay of the doore, and we'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I'd like to keep him safe,' says I.

"'What's that?' says Kitty; 'sure I thought I heard voices beyant,' says she.

"'Oh, nothin, me darlint!' says I, 'but a couple o' boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar, wid their harses, and they'll stop for me till I go 'long wid 'em.'

"Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak, 'and,' says she, 'I'll jist step acrass to Biddy Fay's for the haarbes.' 'Well,' says Lanty, 'do so; and while ye'r gone I'll just take a sup o' Oolahan's sperrits. Faith, it's great stuff,' says he, 'and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronin's. It's raw stuff, his,' says Lanty. (Th'ould villain, and better never came out of a still!) 'Well,' says he, 'Kitty, I'm poorly to-night, and I'll take it

warm; make me a tumbler o' punch,' says he, 'Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me,' says he, 'but I'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that's got a license to sell good sperrits, like Oolahan, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high,' says he, 'for they're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow,' says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was houlding the doore ready to come, while th'ould fellow kept talking,—'Anyhow, Kitty,' says he, 'ye must think no more o' Mike (that's me); what'll he do for ye,' says he, 'down in the bog? Sure his sperrits is but quare stuff, and what's the thrifle o' turf he sent? it's 'most the top cutting, and mighty light.' (The lying ould rap!) 'Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty,' says he, taking a dhrink; 'go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself,' says he; 'sure th'officers do be smoking their cigars upon the bridge,' says he, 'and they're mighty blackguards afther dark. And make haste back, for it's toired I'm getting.'

"Well, faith, at last I heered her shut the doore; so I just stepped up, and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuck her away towards the harses, and

says she, 'Where ye goan? Can't ye coort me here?' says she; 'sure the people do be passing in the lane.' Well, with that I catched her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed, 'Ah, can't ye stop?' says she, 'I'd die before I'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me, for th' honour o' God; sure I'm young as yit!' But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pilla-looing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heerd! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in and half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. 'Let me out o' this!' says Lanty, most choked. 'Be quite, Mr. Hickey,' says Pat; 'don't alarm the town; what would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy? Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad sperrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye. Betther for ye,' says he, 'to marry your daughter to an honest boy that does ye no harm,' says he, 'than an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it's

getting late,' says Pat, 'and I've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey. Well, well,' says Pat, 'sure th' airly boat do be passing up soon after daylight, and they'll think it curous to see ye stuck that away in the wall!'

"Well, faith, he left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convanience, and it's mighty happy we are, barrin the gauger (that's Oolahan's brother-in-law), that do be hunting me out for the still. Sure I expect him to-night, and th' army wid him; and faith I lay quite, watching yer honour, for I thought ye might spake to me unknownst about their coming, for ye talked a dale to yerself before ye began them outlandish songs. Faith, it wasn't much I larned out o' them, wid yer *banes* and yer *pase*,* till ye tuck up the right joke about Kitty. But, any how, ye'll come inside and rest yourself, for ye've a dale to travel, and the boat's gone."

"Inside! why there's no house here! And where's the canal?"

* Mr. Cronin's meaning is here obscure. "*Banes*" we may, perhaps, trace to "*bene*," but I am quite at a loss for "*pase*."

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"Faith, they're both nigh hand ye,—nearer than ye think."

To the sportsman's astonishment, the canal was within a hundred yards, cut deep through the bog, some forty feet below the surface, and so completely out of sight that he had not the most distant notion of its proximity. But where the residence of his new friend was remained still a mystery.

The bog had been cut down in several levels, like steps, to the canal, but, looking up and down along its straight course, no house, or any signs of one, could be discovered.

"Sure, it isn't every one I'd bring to me place," said my companion, "let alone th' army; for I know yer honour right well; and sure, if ye do come in, ye'll see nothing."

On the deep steps or levels of the cutting were a great many heaps of turf piled up, apparently with a view to their convenient shipment in the large turf-boats, which carry this admirable fuel even as far as Dublin. Mr. Cronin, after pausing a minute to enjoy the wondering looks his companion cast about in search of the "place," commenced removing one of the heaps upon the level about midway between the surface of the bog and the canal.

The stack was about five feet high, and as the upper portion was removed there appeared a hole, or doorway, in the perpendicular face of the cutting against which the heap was raised.

When the passage became practicable, the master beckoned to his guest to enter the house, and leading the way himself, ushered him into a room of fair dimensions, in the centre of which was left standing a column of turf to support the roof, on one side of which was a hole, or window, cut down from the level above, and slightly covered with dry bushes; and, as it afterwards appeared, was flanked by two large stacks of turf, which prevented any one from passing that way, and so running the risk of making an involuntary entrance into the premises.

But this room was merely the antechamber to the principal apartment, which lay deeper under the bog; but the guest had no wish, neither did the host press him, to make any further researches.

The walls, floor, and roof of this peat-cavern were perfectly dry and comfortable. There were sundry articles of furniture about the place, several low stools, a small table, and a

rude old chest, from which last the owner produced some excellent bread and butter, a bottle of poteen whisky, and two small glasses.

It required no great pressing on the part of the host to make his guest partake of those good things, though many apologies were made that no fire could be lighted to cook him a better dinner, as the gauger was out.

"This is one of me houses," said Mr. Cronin; "and, by the same token, Flannagan, the gauger, would give twenty pound to find it, and me in it. Sure, its sarching after this he do be coming this way, but sorrow much I care for him; it's long before he'll put his nose in the hole, barrin the smoke."

"But where's Kitty?" said the stranger; "you don't live here altogether?"

"Och, murther!" ye'r mighty cute wid yer Kitty, and yer songs. Well, how the divle ye hit it aff so well, it's hard to say! Faith, Kitty's in th' other house, but I brought ye here first for fear ye'd come some day with th' army, and sarch for it. Sure ye'r not obliged to hoont for it yerself,—that's Flannagan's place; ye'r only to seize the still—when ye find it."

Although it struck the Englishman as being rather a curious proceeding, though decidedly Irish, to shew a man a place with a view to his not finding it, yet he could not help admiring the acuteness with which his new friend had enlisted him on his side, and bought at least his neutrality, by making him eat of his bread and salt, and drink of his illicit spirits, in the very stronghold and secret spot in which those spirits were made; while, with equal cunning, all traces of the contraband manufacture were carefully kept out of view. Not a pot or kettle, or vessel of any kind, save the bottle and glasses, were to be seen; neither was there any fire-place, nor signs of a fire, though he must have been dull indeed not to have known full well that all these things were carefully stowed away in the inner room. But, being in for the thing, the hungry sportsman thought that no further harm could result from making a good meal, and the small new loaves, though tasting strongly of turf, and the fresh butter, were fast disappearing. The whisky was first-rate —the real stuff—and the long, fagging day he had gone through above ground, rendered him peculiarly sensible of the cool comforts

and enticing beverage below. True, there was some difficulty in mixing the grog, for the water was contained in a large earthen jar, almost too heavy to raise, and the glasses were less than an egg-cup; but he took Mr Cronin's advice, and "mixed it in th' inside of him," taking a sup of spirits and a drink of water alternately.

During the progress of the meal Mr. Cronin had carefully built up the turf-stack, to prevent any untoward intrusion, and having finished the bread and butter, and become tolerably perfect in "the meeting of the waters," having also made arrangements for the forwarding the game-bag the next morning early, the stranger prepared to bid adieu to his kind entertainer, and commence his weary walk homewards. Suddenly the host started, then listened attentively, and finally, applying his ear close to the turf-wall of the hut, commenced making gestures to remain still, as some one was approaching. After a time there could be distinctly felt a vibration of the springy ground, and it was evident, from its increase, that a party of many persons was approaching. Suddenly a word or two were spoken in a low voice, and immediately fol-

lowed by the loud word of command, "Halt, front: order arms: stand at ease."

The sportsman knew the voice well: it was that of his brother-officer, an elderly man, and the party was the detachment to which he himself belonged. Here was a predicament! If he had not stopped to eat that last loaf, and take that last long drink, he had been safe on his way homewards. As it was, he felt puzzled what to do. To issue forth would have been to betray his hospitable entertainer, confiscate his property, and consign him to a prison: to remain hidden in a poteen manufactory, hearing his own men outside, searching, with the revenue officer, for the very place of his concealment, and to be there discovered, would have had an awkward appearance, and, with a fidgetty commanding officer, might have subjected him to a court-martial. He knew not what to do; and, as is usual in such cases, did nothing.

But, in spite of the unpleasant position, it was impossible not to be amused at the searching process that was going on outside, freely commented upon, as it was, by Mr. Cronin, in a whisper, within. Sometimes the party was

moved further on; then back again, past the door; then they halted close in front: but the dry turf left no traces of footmarks, and all their attempts were baffled. Several of the large stacks of turf they removed, but our particular one escaped from its insignificance; and to have removed all would have been the work of a week.

The old officer, a dry, matter-of-fact Englishman, was becoming heartily sick of the adventure. He said something about being made a fool of, which Mr. Cronin doubted, muttering something to the effect, as I apprehended, that nature had been beforehand with the gauger.

"I shall not allow my men to slave here all night, pulling down and building up stacks of peat after a ten-mile march, and ten miles to return; so fall in, men, and unpile arms. Shew us the place, sir, and we'll make the seizure."

(*Inside.*)—"Well done, old boy, stick to that.'

"I'll be upon my oath," said the gauger, "that I saw the smoke coming out of the bog hereaway, when I passed th'other day—here,

in a line with the two stacks over there—it's right in this line." ("Thank ye, Mr. Flannagan, we'll move 'em to-morrow.") "I'd rather than ten pound I had that fellow by the scruff of the neck!" ("Thank ye kindly, Mr. Flannagan; the same to yerself.") "It's daring us he is." ("Likely enough.") "But I'll have him safe enough one of these days." ("Did ye bring any salt wid ye to put on his tail?") "And I'd be glad we'd find him, sir, that yer men may have a sup of the stuff, poor fellows, after the march." ("How kind ye are! ye'r mighty free wid another man's sperrits.")

As the night advanced, the difficulty of finding the still increased, and at last the gauger was fain to give up the pursuit in despair, and the party was moved off. The intruder lost no time in slipping out of his hiding-place, and reached home before the party.

Till a late hour that night he was edified with a full and particular account of the adventure; how they had been hoaxed, and dragged over twenty Irish miles to a place where there never was an illicit still; where

there never could have been the smallest reason for suspecting the existence of one. "I looked pretty sharp," said the old officer, "and I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people."

But nothing could convince Flannagan, the gauger, that he was wrong—such is the obstinacy of some people. Nay, he dragged that detachment twice to the place afterwards, in spite of all angry remonstrances, and, it is needless to say, very much against the wish of all concerned.

Now this officer may have neglected his duty; he may have connived at a breach of the revenue laws, but he certainly did not find the still, nor was it found in his time. On the occasion of the two official visits, Mr. Michael Cronin accompanied them, wearing an air of lamb-like innocence, and wondering what they sought.

There was one thing the officer had to complain of, which was, that on several market-days, a jar of whisky was mysteriously left at his quarters: but he laid a trap for the bringer, and at last caught Mike Cronin in the fact, and the harmony of their acquaintance was

a little disturbed by his being made to take it away, under a threat of certain pains and penalties.

Confound the fellow! he then sent his wife, even Kitty, so that the sportsman was obliged to compromise by accepting a bottle or two; or else shut the gates against all the grey cloaks on a market-day.

A MYSTERY AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

Although the following narrative does not come properly under the head of an Irish story, seeing that it is in nowise illustrative of Irish manners; yet I am induced to give it from its singular and mysterious interest.

A few years ago, an officer whom we will call Captain G——, received a sudden order to occupy with a detachment one of those small barracks in the county of Wicklow, built shortly after the great rebellion. The district in which it is situated, appears on the map as a wild tract of mountains, fifteen square miles, if I rightly remember, being noted on the large maps as uncultivated and nearly uninhabited. In order to open out this wild region, so favourable for the assembling of the masses for unlawful purposes (and the more dangerous as

being within a march of the capital), a road was run through the heart of it, and several small barracks erected as military posts along the line.

It was in the autumn, and the weather singularly fine, and, both as a sportsman and an admirer of Nature in her wildest dress, it was with uncommon satisfaction that the captain took up his quarters in the small unpretending tenement amongst the hills; shut out, as many would have thought, from all the enjoyments of life.

The officer commanding the detachment he relieved was not there to receive him, and the old serjeant who commanded insinuated that the party had not been often favoured with his presence.

A sportsman can well appreciate the enjoyment he felt in wandering, gun in hand, over those noble mountains. The game was not abundant, certainly, for it was very partially preserved; but if he failed to get within reach of the grouse upon the mountain sides, he was rewarded with far-off glimpses of the sea, or the sunny plains of Dublin or Kildare. And if his walk was purely of a sporting nature, he never failed to find snipes in the boggy

hollows, or woodcocks in the little patches of cover, nestled in the deep and narrow ravines. Hill mutton, as well as good digestion, "waited upon appetite," and his drink was the "mountain dew!"

But the singular, and to this day unaccountable incident which nightly occurred, was this, he *invariably awoke at some period in the course of the night with all the clothes off the bed!* There was no certain time for the occurrence of this certain stripping. If from want of exercise his sleep was light, he awoke very shortly after being deprived of the covering; but if, as was generally the case, he slept the sound and deep sleep of a sportsman, he awoke benumbed and cramped from lying long in an exposed condition. In vain did he tuck up the bed most carefully every night with his own hands; in vain did he savagely drive sheets, and blankets, and counterpane under the mattrass, and shift his bedstead about, and fix it against walls, and take every precaution that anxious thought could suggest: but still the invariable nightly denudation went on. It was unaccountable.

If it had been an ancient mansion hung with tapestry, or wainscoted with black oak, one

might have fancied the place was haunted, and the crusty old ghost bent upon driving away an intruder upon his favourite promenade, something in the manner of a Welsh ejectment. But who ever heard of a ghost inhabiting a small, plain, whitewashed apartment, without even a closet to hide himself in? Whoever heard of a ghost in a barrack?

If the bedding had been new, he might have fancied he had stumbled upon an enchanted counterpane, or a pair of volatile blankets; or that the bedstead, like the sofa in the Eastern tale, had been given to take flights through the air, and so whisked off the clothes in its transit. But as the whole set-out had been the time-honoured companions of his wanderings, and had hitherto, under all varieties of station and climate, behaved discreetly, he acquitted them of all blame in the business.

If he had been ill, nervous, anxious, fidgetty, dyspeptic, or hypochondriacal; if he had been in debt, love, or chancery; if he had lived hard, or even increased his usual potations: if he had been any of these, he might have supposed that, in making an effort to relieve himself of a mental or bodily load, he had kicked off the bedclothes instead. But he

was free from any of these evils. "Perhaps," thought our hero, "there is some practical joker at the bottom of this; some funny fellow with a hook and a string angling through an unsuspected crevice." A careful examination cured him of this suspicion. The only inhabitant of the barrack besides his own detachment, was a veteran barrack-serjeant, who had charge of the stores, and to accuse him of a joke, whether practical or other, would have been obviously absurd. Besides, such a thing was impossible, the house having no communication with any other, and there was a sentry at the door day and night.

Whatever the cause might have been, he was not there long enough to find it out. At the end of a few weeks he was relieved, and sent to a distant part of the country.

When Captain G—— mentioned the circumstance to his brother-officers, it was wondered at of course. He was narrowly questioned as to his habits of living, but nothing was elicited that could lead to a clearing up of the mystery; the prevalent conjectures being, perhaps, in favour of nightmare and whisky-punch.

By degrees the story passed out of the daily talk, and was reserved for those dismal winter

evenings when people crowd about the fire, and talk of shipwrecks, and ghosts, and murders.

But the strangest part of the story is to come. Dining at the mess of another regiment some months after, and talking with one of his neighbours at the table of the various places at which he had been quartered, Captain G—— mentioned his short detachment in the county of Wicklow, and dwelt upon the pleasure that its wild scenery and mountain sport had afforded him. His neighbour had some recollection of the name, and inquired of another if it was not the same place at which "poor Brown got into a scrape?"

Wondering by what ingenious process a man could continue to involve himself in any difficulty in a spot so far removed, as it would appear, from every temptation, Captain G—— made inquiries, and found that Mr. Brown (a very young man) had found his mountain-quarters so disagreeable, that he repeatedly left the detachment contrary to orders, and passed most of his time in Dublin. This conduct was at first treated with slight notice, but the irregularity going on, he received a severe

reprimand from his commanding officer; and it was intimated, that if again found absent from his post, arrest and a court-martial might be looked for. A very few days after this, the colonel met him again in Dublin; and the case appearing of a very serious nature he was put in arrest, the detachment recalled, and Captain G—— ordered to supply his place, though the circumstances attending his removal were not known at the time. Although he escaped a court-martial, he was allowed to do so only on condition of retiring from Her Majesty's service. "He was a good fellow," said the narrator; "and being so very young, I really think he might have got off if he had not made such an absurd excuse. Imagine a man being such an idiot as to say that he could not remain with his detachment, *because the bedclothes were taken off him every night, and he could not account for it!* Why, it amounted to a positive insult to the colonel!"

Imagine the astonishment of his neighbour, when Captain G—— gravely informed him that the same thing had happened to himself night after night!

The gentleman looked at him for a moment;

then gravely passed his hand over his chin, executed a short dry cough, and finished with a long and sonorous pinch of snuff, while he fixed his eyes upon the opposite wall.

But it was true notwithstanding.

THE ADVENTURE OF TIM DALEY.

In the county of Limerick, about six miles from the city of that name, is a place called ———, a scattered village on the slope of a low range of hills facing the north. It was peculiar, among other villages of that county, as being clean; the houses, for the most part, tidily whitewashed; and there were neither dunghills nor "loughs" before the doors. The absence of the latter might perhaps have been accounted for by the natural slope of the ground; but the general good order of the place was certainly owing to the fortunate circumstance of its possessing a kind, gentlemanlike, and, in every respect, most excellent resident landlord.

But the great peculiarity of the village was, that the pigs were not on visiting terms with

the inhabitants. This had been a prime object with the landlord, who, from having travelled much in other countries, had imbibed ideas of comfort and cleanliness at variance with those of his native place, and, on settling down for life at the family mansion, commenced a course of reforms; the first of which was, to put his tenants' pigs upon the European footing.

This revolution was not effected without much outcry of all concerned: the people and their fathers before them had lived with pigs, and they saw no harm in the "poor crathurs." "Sure, he do be picking up and incrasing," was urged by the anti-restrictionists; and "it's him that pays the rint," was an argument, one would think, likely to find its way to a landlord's heart. But the tenants pleaded in vain. The village was in a state of siege; doors shut that had never been shut before, at least in the day-time; at every one a long and anxious face; at every sill an inquiring nose, and a general wailing along the street.

The oldest beggar never remembered such a state of things as an Irish door to be shut at dinner-time; it was tearing up a noble old custom by the roots, and all to put their pigs upon the European footing!

It was felt to be a case of partial legislation: nowhere else were such goings on: there was darkness and grumbling in the houses, and I fancied when I visited the place, that the pigs had combined to leave their tails out of curl from sheer sulkiness and vexation.

But worse was to come. The pigs were soon to be deprived of personal liberty. The ruthless agent went about and commanded that, from and after a certain day, the right of wallowing, or promenading, or otherwise exposing themselves in public places, was utterly forbidden: in a word, they were summarily sentenced to close imprisonment in little comfortable bastiles built by the landlord, till brought out by *habeas corpus* at Christmas.

No wonder the Insurrection Act was in force in this part of the world; no wonder that ricks and haggards were set alight, and that a requisition of the magistrates caused a subaltern officer with an imposing force of twenty men to be marched to the rescue, to prevent, if possible, an enlightened landlord, somewhat in advance of the (Irish) age, and his innovating agent, from being burnt in their beds!

"What great events from trivial causes spring!"

One of the best men that Ireland ever saw, who spent all his money amongst his tenants, who found employment for all who were willing to work, who banished filth and poverty from his estate, and gave his whole time and energies to promote the comfort and welfare of those about him, was threatened to be shot or roasted, because he spent his money in doing good and improving his property; turned out a few worthless tenants; and put good men in their place; and discouraged the attendance of pigs at the tables d'hôte. So the Insurrection Act was put upon the barony, and every man found out of his house after nine o'clock at night was liable to be taken up, brought before the magistrates, summarily convicted of Whiteboyism, and might, without further trial, be transported beyond the seas for certain periods, if not for the rest of his natural life! This enactment afforded glorious opportunities for getting rid of disagreeable people, whether personally or politically obnoxious. In fact there were very few, what with bad roads, difference of clocks, whisky, forgetfulness, or other casualties, that did not, sometime or other, render themselves liable to a voyage to Australia. It was giving the magis-

trates a fine "shoot for their rubbish" at the antipodes.

The principal duty of the troops was to patrol the roads, after nightfall, to catch, if possible, and detain all they met, and to bring up a good bag of belated travellers before the bench next morning. These were principally composed of honest people from a distance, who were proved next day to be "comfortable farmers," however little they might have deserved such a description during the night.

The officer commanding the small detachment in the village was a simple-minded young man, prone to read his orders literally, and execute them with strict impartiality. It was his first appearance in a constabulary character, and he naturally looked upon himself as the "A 1" of the place. He was a new broom, and resolved to make a clean sweep of that particular locality. Numberless were the scrapes he got into: there was no late courting after he took the place in hand: Romeos were fain to adopt early hours; the clergyman's groom was caught as he went for some drugs to the doctor's; and even his reverence himself had, it was whispered, one or two narrow escapes, as he returned from his domiciliary

visits. Great was the wrath of the magistrates, but there was no help: the orders admitted of no alternative: the officer had no Coke upon *his* Littleton: he read the plain text without gloss or comment, and felt it his duty to say that the magistrates themselves would do well to keep out of his way after nine o'clock.

But the people had another powerful curb upon them. Inside every house door was affixed a list of the inmates of that house, with their ages and description: the constable, with the patrol, was authorised to demand admittance; to call over the names from a corresponding list which he had in his pocket, and make every body appear; and such as should fail to do so were entered in the "Hue and Cry," and became at once liable to be dealt with, when taken, as if actually found abroad upon the road after hours. Ludicrous scenes would occur on these occasions when the people came half asleep to the roll-call, wrapped in such chance garments as they pitched upon in the dark: and as in Ireland the custom in farm-houses of brothers and sisters sleeping "promiscuously," at least in the same room, is of constant occurrence, the mistakes in the hasty toilet were abundantly laughable. A stout

young fellow, not half awake, would come blundering into the kitchen, strenuously attempting to insinuate his brawny shoulders into a dress or petticoat, in mistake for his "big coat;" and a fine young woman demurely present herself with a pair of breeches over her shoulders, and nothing but the chemise below. To the credit of the Irish character for good humour and love of fun be it said, that seldom was there any manifestation of sulkiness or ill humour on such occasions. On the contrary, the jokes were incessant, and always proceeded from themselves. For instance, in the case of the young lady with the corduroy shawl, it was remarked when she answered her name, "Och, there ye are wid yer crackers! pity ye didn't get Mick to tache ye how to put 'em an!"

About 11 o'clock one drizzly night in December, this subaltern officer was cosily seated in the small room allotted him in the temporary barrack, a house of five rooms, into which it had been contrived to stow himself and his detachment, and was listening to the pitiless music of twenty noses all in full play around him. Having some turn for melody, he was meditating how he might best arrange the different instruments with a view to their com-

bined effect; putting, for instance, the double basses and shriller horns below, and keeping the tenors more immediately about him, when an unshod foot was heard upon the stairs, and the sergeant announced that the constable desired an interview on business of pressing necessity.

If there is anything more disgusting than another, it is that of being caught at the timely hour of rest, and in the easy luxuriance of dressing-gown and slippers, when you have, as it were, one foot in the bed, and thence forced into a wild-goose chase over bogs and mountains in a chilly drizzle. But there was no help; it was the head-constable, who, gently closing the door, informed his victim in an earnest whisper that certain information had reached him that one Timothy Daley, a Whiteboy, a murderer, an incendiary, an abductor of females, &c. &c., had been certainly traced into a farm-house, some three miles off, where he was unquestionably housed for the night; that there was a reward of one hundred pounds offered by Government for his capture, and that (please God) he, the constable, would, with the assistance of the troops, undoubtedly

succeed in effecting his capture, provided measures were taken with secrecy and despatch. That the reward would be divided between himself and the men, and would be the making of all concerned, &c. &c.

Although devoutly wishing either that Tim Daley had led a virtuous life, or was safely lodged in Limerick jail, the officer felt bound to afford the constable every assistance: it was a requisition, and he had no choice; so, appointing a place of meeting beyond the village, he dismissed the functionary, and prepared to get out his men with as little noise and display as possible. Rousing the party out of bed, and darkly hinting at the prospect of affluence held out to them by the expected capture, he caused them to move one at a time through the back door of the house, down the garden, and so into the fields; and by making a small circuit so as to avoid the village altogether, to meet the constable at the place appointed.

Everything appeared to succeed admirably: they moved with the stealthy pace of cats under cover of the "ditch" which bounded the village-garden, and in a few minutes were on the high road to the devoted farm, where

snoozed in happy security the murderous, incendiary, and abductory Tim Daley.

Not knowing the kind of customers they might have to deal with, the officer halted his party at such a distance from the house as might prevent the "working" of the ramrods from being audible, and there caused his men to load; and all being ready, they moved upon the silent premises in perfect confidence that the Whiteboy's career was drawing to its final scene; and no doubt, in some sanguine bosoms, the shares in the undertaking were already at a handsome premium.

Unlike the usual low, single-storied, white-washed, small-windowed farm-houses of the country, this was a large, rambling edifice of grey stone, having one, if not two, stories above the ground-floor. It had apparently been a place of some note in former times, not only from its size, but the number of offices and other buildings by which it was surrounded; now, however, in a state of great dilapidation and decay.

On one side of the house was an extensive garden enclosed with a high, well-built wall, and adjoining the garden, though separated

from it by a wall of the same description, was a rocky half-paved fold, filled with agricultural implements: this division-wall between the fold and yard abutting upon the house at one end, and the other running straight out to the road.

It was not easy to invest such a place with nine men, but they did their best. The constable knowing the *locale*, undertook to plant them round the house in such a way that every door and window had its watcher; and having made his arrangements, the officer, the sergeant, and himself, repaired to the door.

It was not much to be wondered at that the efforts of fists and feet should for some little time have remained unheeded at such a drowsy hour, and it was not till a long course of pounding and hallooing had been gone through that the head of an elderly man was thrust through one of the upper windows. They of course only wanted to call the roll of the inmates — sorry to disturb them so late — and would not keep them out of their beds five minutes, &c.

"Av coorse," was the ready answer. "Hurry, Biddy, slip on yer skirt! sure the captain's waiting; bustle now, don't ye be

keeping them, sure it's cowld. We'll be wid yer honor diracly."

This seemed innocent enough, and they prepared to await with becoming patience till the "boys" had got into proper clothing and Miss Walsh had slipped on her skirt. As no very elaborate toilet was usual on such occasions, at the end of ten minutes the applicants became impatient, and commenced another gentle application of feet to the door.

Mr. Walsh was then heard slowly and heavily descending the stairs, like a man in the dark, talking loudly all the time.

"We'll be wid yer honor diracly! Whisht, Mike! sure I can't hear the gentleman spaking —ah, will ye rake up the turf and shew me a light?—how the divle would I get about at all, let alone to the doore, wid all the slanes and the things that ye lave on the floore? Bad luck to yees! it's a pail I'm afther falling over now! Biddy's as bad—sorrow bit I know which is the worst. I'll be wid yer honor diracly! Faith, I've barked my shin purty well betune yees!"

Although the attention of the trio was pretty well taken up by all this, it was not so entirely drawn towards the door, but that the officer

fancied he heard one of the upper windows gently opened, and looking upwards, he saw immediately after a figure in white, apparently a man in his shirt, get hastily out, and hanging by his hands a moment, drop with great precision on the top of the wall which divided the fold, in which they were, from the garden. Recovering himself in a moment, he ran swiftly along the wall and dropped into the road, and an instant after the white drapery was seen going at a rapid pace up the side of the hill, which rose from the road to a considerable height.

"The curse of Cromwell upon him!" said the constable, "but that's Tim Daley! I'd be sworn to him among a thousand. Run, boys, run! there's a hundred pounds an him!"

Whilst this was uttered, they were scrambling out of the fold in pursuit, while the men, impounded by the high walls, were even later in clearing the premises.

For a body of soldiers with firelocks and other encumbrances to attempt to overtake a naked man, knowing the ground and running for his life, in a dark night, was palpably hopeless, so hastily naming three of the fastest runners, and desiring them to throw off their

accoutrements and follow up the hill with their side-arms only, the officer started after the constable, who was already some way ahead.

The officer was in those days an excellent runner, and quickly succeeded in overtaking the constable, a short, husky fellow, and blown in the first hundred yards. The pursuers had every disadvantage: the hill was steep and rocky, partially covered with low bushes; the night dark; and they were, besides, ignorant of the ground, in the knowledge of which no doubt the chase was quite at home.* Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, they followed manfully up the mountain, and were occasionally rewarded with an indistinct glimpse of the white drapery through the gloom. The three soldiers were now well up, and it was encouraging to hear their shouts as they saw, or fancied they saw, the Whiteboy before them.

For some time the officer and his men held on nearly together; the constable was long ago left behind, though they could hear him shouting as well as the shortness of his breath permitted, "Run—boys—run—there's—a—hundred—pounds—an—him!"

Presently the soldiers, encumbered with

their belts and pouches, of which they had neglected to rid themselves, began to drop behind, and eventually the officer was ahead of his party, and decidedly gaining upon Tim Daley, whose conspicuous drapery, fluttered but a few yards in front of him. It would be a glorious triumph to take him, the outlawed ruffian, who set magistrates, military, constables, and all at defiance; who walked abroad with impunity at fairs and markets, and knew that none dared lift a hand, or give evidence against him; who existed through the criminal sympathy of his wretched countrymen, ready at any time to take part with any malefactor against their common enemy the law.

"Please God," said the officer, as he sensibly gained on his prey, "I shall have him soon! he's beginning to shew the white feather!" And making a desperate rush forward, he caught the fugitive Daley by the tail of his shirt; but the faithless dowlass gave way at the waist, and he lost some yards by the failure. But the very touch of the treacherous garment infused new vigour into the pursuer, and in a few strides more he was fairly up with, and had tightly clasped him in his arms.

Expecting a vigorous and ferocious defence, he at first dealt rather roughly with his prize, and was in the act of hurling to the ground, there to kneel upon and disable the truculent villain till assistance came up, when he suddenly became aware of the astounding fact, that instead of embracing in mortal conflict the body of the murderous and fire-raising Tim Daley, he held in his arms the particularly plump figure of a fine young woman, in her chemise only, and that considerably damaged in the rear by the first abortive attempt at the capture!

The officer's astonishment was immense! it was far too great for words; and in the extremity of his confusion he forgot to let her go.

"Ah! what's this?" cried the lady; "where am I at all? Sure it's a drame!" And gently disengaging herself, she proceeded to speculate upon the curious fact of having walked in her sleep—ran, she might have said, at the rate of ten miles an hour—and had no notion where she was—not the least in the world! "Is it near Ballyfagle I am? Where's Ballyfagle at all? Sure it's Walsh's daughter of Ballyfagle I am—behave yourself. Ah, can't ye stop? Indeed I believe it's on the hill of Mogher we

are, and that's Ballyfagle below. Well, faith, I'll be kilt for this!"

The soldiers now came up, and eventually the constable, who, far too short of breath for utterance, was fain to give vent to his triumph in the expressive pantomime of slapping his breeches' pockets, rubbing his hands, and the still more personal jest of putting his thumb under his ear with a hoisting motion of the head, intended as a pleasant rallying of our victim upon his ultimate fate.

Had there been sufficient light, it would have been no doubt highly ridiculous to note their expression of incredulous wonder when informed of the upshot of the adventure. They felt that they were sold. It was an incontestible and undoubted bargain. The swift-footed Biddy had led them up the hill upon a fool's errand, while no doubt the real Simon Pure had quietly walked away in the other direction. And then to put on the somnambulist, and recognise with difficulty the hill of Mogher, and the paternal roof of Ballyfagle! To render the constable's confusion complete it was only necessary to repeat, "Run, boys, run! there's a hundred pounds an him!"

So extremely absurd did the whole adventure

appear to the officer, that he sat down upon a rock and gave vent to his feelings in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. In this he was joined by the whole party, even Miss Walsh herself, who stood a little distance apart holding up the skirt of her damaged drapery. Fortunately the night was dark.

But there might yet be time to intercept the Whiteboy, if the sergeant had kept up a watch upon the premises; so leaving the fair fugitive to find her way down to Ballyfagle as she might, the party hastened back to the farm-house.

Mr. Walsh affected to be greatly surprised at the sudden abandonment of his premises without calling over the roll of the inmates, and put some innocent questions touching the chase up the hill. These were answered by informing him of the grave charge of harbouring the notorious Tim Daley, and requested that every facility might be given to search the house; to which reasonable request not the slightest difficulty was shewn.

"'Search then the room,' Alphonso said. 'I will.'" But no Tim Daley was to be found. Every closet and cupboard was examined, nor did they forget the pregnant advice of "looking

in the beds as well as under." All in vain! Tim Daley, if ever there at all, had taken advantage of the diversion in his favour and effectually secured his retreat.

While the search was proceeding, Miss Walsh had come in unperceived, and having taken her father's advice to slip on the skirt, presented herself with an air of arch simplicity, her good looks much improved by the exercise she had taken, not to mention the triumph of success.

Though baffled and deteated in their attempt at the capture of Tim Daley, which must have succeeded but for the readiness and address of this young woman, they could not help entering into the spirit of the old farmer's banter, which, truth to say, was not sparingly applied.

"Well, well! that was a fine start!" said the old fellow, shaking his sides. "Divle a chance would Tim Daley have wid ye up hill, any how! Murther! to think o' Biddy cutting aff in her sleep with th' army afther her, and the polis (indeed, Mr. Maher, I'm afraid ye've hardly got yer wind again)! Faith, I wouldn't have missed that for five pound, if I'd seen it! Och, blood and ouns! what a

screeching ye made! Sure, I never heered more at a hoont! Ah, it's a shame for ye, Biddy!—ye see the state you put Mr. Maher in, and never so much as offer him a sup of buttermilk or a drink o' wather! Hurry, now, and give the captain a sate: sure it's the laste ye can do for him! Did ye go to bed in yer brogues, ye rap, or was it in yer sleep ye put 'em an? Faith, I'm much obliged to yer honour for catching Biddy: it's drownded she might be now! Sure there's a lough at the top of Mogher. It's very careless I hear they are that aways—it's not much they mind where they're goan, divle a bit! Well, indeed, it's a mercy ye didn't put yer swoord into Biddy: it's an orphan she is, barring myself and Mike. By the blessing o' God, it'll be the last run she'll take up the Mogher at night any ways: sure, we'll spancell her!"

Finding there was nothing better than such disjointed talk as this to be got out of Mr. Walsh, the party prepared to evacuate Ballyfagle and return to the village. They looked, perhaps, a little foolish, the constable in particular, who could have sworn to Tim among a thousand—a fact of which he is probably reminded to this day.

Miss Biddy was met with occasionally in the village, and an allusion to her sleep-walking never failed to call up an arch and meaning smile into her pretty face. She never could be brought to confess that Tim was "in it," though she admitted that he might have been. She generally wound up the conversation with, "Well, it was a quare drame I had, any how!"

MRS. FOGARTY'S TEA-PARTY.

THERE is a satisfying richness about the name of Fogarty which is very pleasing. It falls fatly on the ear. It is pronounced thus, Fŏgărty, not Foggarty; put the stress on the first syllable, and the *o* well sounded. He that did not make it a dactyl would have no ear for music. It is in itself a brogue (what an expressive word!). When a Fogarty is introduced—be it where it may—we feel it unnecessary to inquire further. No man ever asked his country; no man ever will. It was a name too utterly and merely Irish to be even included amongst the five bloods. It hath the true Milesian relish. No Fogarty could have lived in the Pale. He would have felt himself as uncomfortable as Giraldus's toad when encircled by a thong of Irish leather. The

O'Fogartys had their stronghold in Thurles, a place wickedly Irish to the present day. If I had had the fortune to be born west of the Channel, I should have wished my name to be Fogarty.

The lady rejoicing in this sonorous appellation, who is the subject of the present sketch, resided in a small town in one of the midland counties, where it was my good fortune to be located for several months. She was a widow in easy circumstances and a comfortable house; eminently sociable in her habits, and devoted, heart and soul, to the small gaieties of the place. Here were no pompous and stupid dinner-parties, given for the ostentatious purpose of keeping up great acquaintances, turning the house out of windows for a week before and another week after the great event—no points of nonsensical etiquette as to who should go out first or last. In such a case I am persuaded she would have said with Lady Macbeth, with, perhaps, a slight difference of phraseology,—"Don't stand upon the order of your going, but go at once." But there was nothing of this: she bordered, in her manners, upon the free and easy. Tea-parties were her *forte*, with a slight supper and a tumbler of

punch for the gentlemen before starting. But the souchong part of the affair was what she loved. She gloried in the dispensation of hyson, and the conflict of cups and saucers was music to her ear (she was slightly deaf, by the way). She had no great opinion of coffee-drinkers, I suspect; for although her sense of politeness caused her to ask her guests whether they would prefer "tay-tay, or coffee-tay," yet it required but little penetration to see what answer she expected.

Mrs. Fogarty was a gentlewoman of a certain age, of prominent features, and a dry brown wig. She affected the snuff-colour in her choice of silks, but had, commonly, a showy riband in her cap; the alternate change of which from green to yellow was the most striking variation in her costume.

Domiciled with Mrs. Fogarty was a nephew, Mr. Denis Fogarty, a young man of forty-five or better—a tall, gaunt, long-visaged man, of enormous features, prodigious amplitude of black whiskers, and a Connaught brogue. He seldom spoke, and never more than a word or two at a time; but what he *did* say was emphatic, and delivered in a voice like a gong. Let who would be talking, or however large or

noisy the party, his observation was sure to tell, not only on your ear, but your nervous system. He drove his word or two through the conversation like a wedge; and when he raised his voice you felt a tingling at your fingers' end like the touch of a galvanic wire. Generally, his remarks had no reference to the conversation. I do not remember that I ever saw him laugh; and if, at this time of day, I were promised such an exhibition, I should prefer to witness it through a telescope, with my ears stopped. I once went fishing with him. It was at the rapids on the Shannon, a few miles above Limerick. The wind blew so strongly against us that we could with difficulty throw the lines in, and were looking about for some means of crossing over. In this emergency, Denis hailed a man working on a hill on the opposite side, when the following short conversation took place:—

Denis. Whisp'r!

The man (*rising from his work*). What's this?

Denis. Will I ford the strame anny where here?

Man. Bedad ye may, but ye'll be drownded.

Denis. Is there anny boat at all?

Man. Faith, there is, Fad's boat beyant.

Denis. How will I get the bôat across?

Man. Divle a know I know. Fad's at the fair, and the boat locked.

Denis. Anny how, I'll ford it.

Man. Sûre ye ought to thry. (*Quietly resuming his work.*)

In this instance the "whisper" of my friend Denis overcame not only the opposing wind but the distance, and the roar of the intervening river.

The tea-party I set out to describe consisted of three or four very good-looking young ladies, and as many mammas; the priest of the parish, a smooth, quiet, fat-jowled gentleman, carefully shaved above the ears, wearing a tight, white handkerchief round his neck; a sort of single-breasted black surtout, with stand-up collar, and buttoned to the chin; grey shorts and black boots to the knee. The only other male was a nice young man at a small tea-party, Mr. Ambrose Casan, who did the amiable to the ladies generally, and to the young and pretty ones in particular. He said soft things, and affected the sentimental; and Mrs. Fogarty said he was a "pôte." He also sang, "When first I met thee, warm and

young;" and was decidedly an acquisition at a *soirée.*

Mrs. Fogarty's man-servant, or "tea-boy," as he was called, was one Thady Falls, a short, sturdy fellow, with a red bullet head, high cheek bones, and a projecting under-jaw. He had not been very long in the establishment, for Mrs. Fogarty had a way of changing her servants frequently; and at this time Thady (the *h* is not pronounced) was not of sufficient standing to understand his mistress's ways; and being naturally a blunt fellow, blurted out the family secrets before company in a way which was amusing enough to the hearers, though it sometimes happened that, like listeners in general, what they heard might not be very complimentary to themselves.

Considering the difficulty there was of fitting Mrs. Fogarty with a man-servant, it was a fortunate circumstance that her first had been a person of large size, so that the family livery descended to the long train of his successors without the inconvenience of a tight fit. In the present case it was preposterously large. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the suit fitted like a sentry-box, or a purser's

shirt on a handspike. The tails of the well-worn drab came nearly to Thady's heels; and the lower buttons of the green plush shorts, reaching below his calves, had the appearance of a curious pair of trowsers, with a jaunty bow of riband on the outsides; while the waistcoat descended into regions never meant to be covered by that garment, at least since the close of the seventeenth century.

Small men are apt to make the most of themselves under any circumstances, and I believe that Thady Fallis would have suffered any inconvenience rather than turn up either the legs or the sleeves of that livery. The consequence was, that as he handed round the cake and muffins, not even the tips of his thumbs could be seen, leading the spectator to imagine that his arms terminated in plates instead of hands.

Mrs. Fogarty was a hard task-mistress, for she required her servants to forget as well as remember; and she was not easily put aside from her purpose, as the following conversation will shew:—

"Thady, the kettle: you're sure it boils?"

"Faith, it does, ma'am: I seen it myself."

"Well, put it on awhile longer; I like to see the smoke of it. Ah, hold it on for fear it would fall: sure it might scald Mr. Rafferty."

"Divle a fear; sure he's his boots an."

"Ah, what are ye dancing about for, like a goose on a hot plate? It's like a joint of meat you are, turning round and round."

"By me sowl! it's mate I am, thin; divle a doubt of it! And a roasting I'm getting any how. Will I wet the tay, ma'am?"

"Ah, you're mighty tender all at once; sure you can't mind a trifle of hate like that?"

"Hate!—Faith, hate's no name for it! Murther, let me out o' this! Will I wet the tay, ma'am?"

"Hold on awhile till it smokes at the spout. You're getting quite affected, Falls."

"Well, thin, it's time for me, roasting before a kish o' turf, and the smalls sticking to me. Will I wet the tay, ma'am?"

"Wait awhile, Thady; sure the tay wouldn't open."

"By my sowl, I'll open meself this away. Will I wet the tay now, ma'am?"

"Awhile longer, Falls. Ah, why will you turn your back?—you'll dip your skirts in the fire, so you will."

"Blood an' ouns! will I wet the tay *now*, ma'am?"

"Just a cup, Falls, to draw it. Ah, will you mind what you're doing, flourishing the kettle round Mrs. Molloy? I believe it's mad you are, shifting your hands about. Can't you hold it steady, and fill up the pot?"

"It's aisy to say, 'Hould it steady,' an' it red hot!"

"Now you're taking the skirt of your coat to it! You're destroying the livery, so you are. Well, indeed, Falls, you're a strange man.—But what's this? Sure it's milk you've brought me instead of crame!"

Thady (*stooping confidentially*).—Well, faith, ma'am, you tould me milk yourself.

"Indeed, Thady, I told you no such thing: I said crame for the party."

Thady (*with great earnestness*).—You tould me milk! I'll be upon my oath to it.

"Ah, not at all—you're strangely inattentive, Falls."

"By me sowl, I was attinding to all you said. Sure you were talking all the time I was rubbing the waither. Kit Slane heered you. Says you, 'Milk will do for 'em—why would I get crame? Sure I wouldn't make a stranger

o' Mrs. Molly and the Griers? There's on'y th' officer,' says you; 'he'll be sitting by Miss Kilally. Ah, what'll he know about milk or crame? sure it's a purty girl he comes for, not tay. Faith, I 'most forgot Ambrose Casan,' says you. 'Ah, poor Ambrose!' says you, 'he's a pôte; it's hard to say whether he knows a cup from a taypot, wid his rhymes and his songs. Sure it's draming he is, mostly.'"

It is unnecessary to say what effect such a conversation (which, though spoken aside, was distinctly audible,) produced upon the hearers, being all the time under the necessity of concealing their merriment. Handkerchiefs, hands, boas, shawls, and all other available impediments, were held over mouths; but still a giggling girl would now and then betray herself, and it required all the tact of her neighbours to turn off the joke in any but the right direction. Meantime Denis Fogarty sat the picture of gravity and silence, only occasionally broken by his gong-like voice roaring "Thade!" (he made one syllable of it) to minister to his wants.

But our hostess was a model of attentive politeness.

"Is the tay to your mouth, Mrs. Shanahan?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I'd beg the fever of another lump."

"Then sweeten yourself, Mrs. Shanahan. Hurry with the sugar, Thady! Are you right in crame, ma'am? (Ah, Falls! Falls!)"

"Quite, indeed, Mrs. Fogarty. Were you in the shees to-day, ma'am?"

"Is it the car you mane? Indeed we were. Sure Falls drove us, and 'most scraped me off against a kish of turf. It's careless he is, indeed."

"THADE, THE TOAST!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Fogarty, your tea's superior. Where do you get it?"

"At Kinahan's, ma'am. What's this they call it, Denis?"

"FOKIEN BOHAY."

"Ah, MR. Rafferty, won't you try a dish of it? Sure it's greatly favoured."

"Well, indeed, ma'am, I'm sure you wouldn't seduce me out of my night's rest, Mrs. Fogarty; I'd be tossing about in a faver with half a dish. It's surprising the effect it takes of me, ma'am; especially late."

"Will I fetch his rivirence the matarials, ma'am?"

"Wait awhile, Thady, you're mighty handy; better for you look where you singed the coat-tails when you curtsied into the fire. Indeed the livery won't last long with your strange ways, Falls.—Miss Grier's cup, Thady. Now the muffins to th' officer.—Will I milk it, my dear, or would you prefer doing it yourself? (*Aside*)—You're looking beautiful, so you are! That's a sweet thing!—that's tabinet? Mrs. Lynch made that, sure I know her cut. Hasn't she given you a great skirt! And you don't want it. You've nine breadths there, all out. But haven't you it cut too high? Sure you must n't hide all. Ah, what did she draw it for? Sure it's disguising your bussom. Sure you don't want fulling at all; it's very well for a stick like Jane. Miss Kilally, were you along the canal to-day? Indeed I was sure it was you. (*Aside*)—That's the bonnet you wore Mr. Kilally brought you from Dublin? Faith, I knew it! I seen who you had with you! What did he say to it? Sure you can't hide any thing from that fellow."

"Indeed, Mrs. Fogarty, he called it a coal-scuttle!"

"Well then, upon my honour and word, it's a shame for him; and a prettier shape

never came out of Dame Street! You had it from Madame's? Better for him to make you a present of another, to see which you like best. Well, what did he say?"

"Indeed, he said the present fashion was never meant for pretty faces; and it was a shame to shut up my black satin hair in a great box."

"Well, faith, you have beautiful hair; you can sit upon it. Is it black satin? Well, indeed, it shines almost like your eyes.——(*Whisper.*) Did he say any thing particular? Ah, why would you mind me?"

* * * *

"Won't you have a trifle more cake, Mrs. Murphy? Did you enjoy yourself, ma'am? You're quite strange lately. (*Aside*)—Indeed, I've a deal to say to you. You seen me talk to Margaret? It's getting on she is right well. Sure they're walking out every day along the canal; and it's often he dines with them. It's ready to ate her up he is. He'll soon propose, any how. I'm surprised, Mr. Kilally don't ask his intintions."

"Did he hear about Magra?"

"Ogh! not at all! How would he hear of that fellow? I always said he was no good.

It's the dinners he wanted, and a glass of wine now and then: it's not much he gets at home, barring punch. He flirted with three at once. This lad's fand of her. It isn't much notice he takes of Bessy Grier. Faith, Bessy's a fine lump of a girl.—Aisy sailing there, Mrs. Murphy.—She'd jump at him."

"Indeed, ma'am, I believe you. If they expected him to call, they wouldn't tie up the rapper."

"Did you see the tabinet her mother bought her?"

"Business must be brisk to stand that, Mrs. Fogarty."

"You may say that, ma'am. Tom Grier's a smart man: he'll give her a thousand. Ah, look at Casan and Kitty Leahy!"

"THADE, TURF!"

"Sure, Kitty's a fancy for him. Better for him to go talk his nonsense to Juliana Molloy, and not to be humboging this poor crater. It's all talk he is, and singing. Well, Kitty's not so bad in her own hair: it's a pity they mix it. The second curl on this side 's false, and the same th' other: they're too tight to be true. Sure th' others can't stand the steam

of the tay. Did ye see the new tooth she got? She went all the way to Dublin to get that one."

After the important business of tea-drinking we sat down to "loo," excepting a few of the elderlies; while Mrs. Fogarty hovered round the table, and occasionally addressed the priest or Denis. Meanwhile Mr. Casan was not idle.

"Do you want a good heart, Miss Leahy?"

"Ah, I'm afraid of knaves."

"Sure it's the best out."

"Maybe your price is high, Mr. Casan?"

"Not at all. What'll I give for your own hand?"

"Indeed I wouldn't sell—it's not my game at all. Ah, Mr. Ambrose, would you plase to move,—you're crushing my thoigh!"

After cards succeeded oysters and punch, when Denis Fogarty came out uncommonly strong, astonishing the company as well as the natives.

"Great fish, Mr. Fogarty," said the priest.

"RALE POLDOODIES," said Denis, as they descended into the vast profound of his stomach.

Then came the break-up—the shawling—the bonneting—the walk home.

* * * *

If it be true that the pleasantest party is that where "the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant," I might back Mrs. Fogarty's tea-parties against all society.

A QUIET DAY AT FARRELLSTOWN.

THE writer, during his temporary stay in one of the midland counties, received one morning the following note:—

"DEAR ——,

"We will have a few friends to dine with us Thursday, and hope you will give us the pleasure too at six. Don't dress, but come any way: it's only Hurd, and the Magras, and Harty Kavanagh, and perhaps the Murphys, any how, Dan. I would like to persuade the Slopers and Dunn, and we'll get Ambrose Casan and his cousins. My brother has asked a few, but we'll have a quiet party, and perhaps some spoiled-five and a knock. If you can oblige us with your spoons and forks and some plates, and the tureen and your servant, if he's doing nothing, we would be glad; and as our tables are short, he might bring one with him.

You'll not be late. We'll have great fun with Ambrose.

"Your's very truly,

"MANLY O'DWYER FARRELL."

"You could not lend us your castors, for our sauce is all done?"

The writer of the above was a young gentleman who kept house with his brother, both bachelors, a mile or two from the town, at a mansion called "The Domain of Farrellstown." It was a rough kind of establishment, as might be inferred from the invitation.

The Farrells were an ancient family, originally wealthy; but somehow the estate, though retaining its full amount of acreage, was becoming, as men said, more a nominal than a real property. It was well eaten into by all sorts of claimants; and though its ring-fence, as was the boast of the owner, remained unbroken, yet it rather resembled a curiously preserved old cheese, with a nest of mortgagee mice for ever preying upon its entrails. The land was let and sublet to the extent of three or four removes between the owner and the occupier, and the rent having to be filtered through so many sponges, flowed into

the landlord's pocket a mere dribblet compared to the stream it had originally set forth. But this was the custom of the country: it saved trouble and obliged friends. The squire let the land to his friend the squireen, over a bottle of claret: the squireen let it again to his friend the attorney, over a jug of punch: the lawyer let it to Tim Mahoney, or Jack Lynch, or Pat Murphy, who finally retailed it out in small patches to the actual holders, who again divided their portions with their sons when they married and settled. Was there ever such a system as this in any other country? In Ireland, however, it is the case with nine-tenths of the property.

I was punctual to my time: that is to say, I managed to arrive not later than an hour after the appointed time, knowing that to obey the invitation literally would be only going in "to vacuity."

It was a racketty place, as any one could see. The lodge-gate stood wide open—emblem of the family hospitality; and, hanging by a single hinge, proclaimed that, as in most things Irish, there was a screw loose. The house was a pale-faced, rakish, moist-looking edifice, shewing in its cracked and neglected

plaster the crow's-feet of premature age. It was a kind of devil-may-care tenement that set the proprieties at defiance, and was plainly given to dissipation and late hours. You could see at a glance it was a house that had never made both ends meet. Even in the morning there was a debauched and maudlin look about it, as if it had been up all night; and the dishevelled shrubbery, coming down in a long strip of faded green and yellow on either side, looked like a tawdry, half-ragged scarf, hanging untied round its neck. There was not a single flower to stick in its button-hole, but the frowsy herbage came up like an unshaved beard to its chin. No female hand was there to train it into taste and neatness: in a word, it was in the forlorn condition of an Irish Bachelor's Hall.

The windows of both drawing-room and dining-room opened to the ground, affording great facility for the ingress of equestrians; as it was a standing joke at Farrellstown to raise the sash and ride into one of those rooms; and when the servant answered the drawing-room bell, he found, belike, the visitor riding about the room. The reader is not to suppose that the carpets suffered much

from these incursions; for, alas! they were long past injury; and, in fact, had been so roughly treated by the feet of man and beast, that the little which remained had retired for protection under the table, leaving only a very ill-conditioned border timidly peeping out of the sanctuary. The dining-table itself had suffered severely, and exhibited various impressions of horse-shoes upon its surface; it being a frequent practice to "school" over it after dinner. In fact, to ride over Farrell's mahogany was a sort of test of manhood and horsemanship, which few aspiring youths cared to forego. On one occasion, on a frosty day, a few couple of hounds being in the stable, they ran a drag through the house, throwing off in the dining-room—taking the up-stairs country—so through the suite of bed-rooms, and down the back-stairs into the kitchen. It is recorded by one who described this "night with the Farrell hounds," that all the field were up in the bed-rooms—that there was some tailing in the passages and a few falls in the attics; but they all shut up at the back-stairs except the master, who was well-up to the last.

I believe it would have puzzled any man to

discover a chair with four sound original legs at Farrellstown; three and a substitute was a lucky find; it was, mostly, two and a cracked one. When, therefore, you heard of a man being under the table before the cloth was off, his mischance was not to be attributed altogether to the drink.

It would have puzzled any calculating boy to tell how many horses there were at any given time in the stables; for what with knocking, swopping, obliging a friend, and the general course of dealing, it even puzzled the brothers themselves, without time taken to consider. Generally the answer began—"Horses! why there's the Lottery Mare—and Nabochlish—and Gruel—and the Glazier (so called from carrying his master through the window without the trouble of opening it)—and Hieover—no, he's sold, only I haven't got the bill—and the Thoroughbred—and Waxy—and——faith I dunnow how many there is of them!" Equally difficult would it have been to say, off-hand, how many servants there were in the establishment. There was always a kitchen-full; but to distinguish those who hung loose upon the family, such as "sportsmen," dog-breakers, cads, &c. &c.,

from those who received wages—ahem!—I mean those who slept and lived altogether in the house, would have puzzled the master as much as the extent of the stud. Abundance of young women there were running about in loose drapery and bare feet, enough to make the beds of half-a-dozen houses, and that must have been their principal occupation, for cleaning the house they certainly never did; but they were always scuttling through the premises like rabbits in a warren; and there was a calling of Biddy and Kitty, and Katty and Judy, over the house, from morning till night. Not counting grooms and helpers, there was only one regular man-servant—a grave old fellow named O'Reilly, who had been all his life in the family, and was the mainstay of the establishment. He was always sober, and always ready. Call him when you would, day or night, he never failed to come at once; and from his never having omitted to do so in the memory of man, it was inferred that he neither undrest nor slept: if he did so, it must have been very lightly. He never laughed and seldom spoke; but what a fund of rollicking anecdote he must have possessed during his service with his late and present masters!

There was generally a fool in the house—a half-cunning, half-idiotic character, dressed in an old hunting-coat, the original scarlet fast merging into a bluish black; and wearing a threadbare hunting-cap. This fellow followed the hounds on foot, with a horn slung over his shoulder, and occasionally relieved his mind with a most unearthly yell, not unlike a steam-whistle with a bad hoarseness, which was distinctly heard over the whole house—I may almost say parish—and never failed to produce a roar of laughter. This individual slept either in the stable or kennel, though occasionally by the kitchen fire; his whereabouts being proclaimed during the night by the peculiar impromptu above mentioned, alarming strangers with the notion of a banshee, or family demon, being kept on the premises.

A few pictures there were of the O'Farrells of former times. One of them represented a rosy good-humoured old gentleman, in a white uniform, smiling in a most convivial and pleasant way out of a back-ground of guns and smoke: gentlemen in low hats and long wigs, upon fat prancing horses, exchanging pistol-shots; and a frightful amount of killed and wounded. Upon all this busy scene the gal-

lant officer turned his back, and smiled, as if nowise concerned in the issue of the fight. This individual was a General O'Farrell, of the Austrian service. Pretty liberally scattered over the picture were certain small, round, black marks, which at first sight might be taken to represent balls flying about, one of which had struck the general on the side of the mouth, giving a most peculiar expression to his face. On inquiry, I found that my guess had not been very far from the mark; the round spots being the holes of bullets actually fired into the picture by the young gentlemen in the course of their study of pistol practice. Their object in this, O'Reilly told me, was to "take the grin off the Giniral." If such, indeed, had been their intention, it must be confessed that they failed most lamentably in the effect produced; for the ball which hit him upon the face had not only elongated one side of the mouth, but considerably opened and turned it up, aggravating the original smile into a paralytic laugh, as if even the palsy could not restrain his merriment. With this result it would appear, either that they were satisfied or had given up their emendations in despair. The back of

the sideboard, and the wall above it, were also considerably damaged by bullet-holes, from the practice of snuffing candles with balls instead of snuffers.

On making my appearance at the Domain I found assembled a male party of ten or a dozen, and the dinner passed off as bachelors' dinners usually do—rough and enough being the usual feature: the food plain and the drink plentiful.

At dinner, and for long afterwards, one subject engrossed the talk. Horses—horses—horses: even the ladies came in for no share till the claret had gone its round some hours. Songs then commenced; Ambrose Casan leading the way, as was to be expected in a cultivator of the gentle science. Yet, in spite of this small digression, the old subject held its ground. The great day with the Kilkenny—the grand day with the Kildare—the tearing day with the Waterford—the rasping day with the Galway—were amply discussed.

Deep was the devotion to the claret; and it deserved it. The late Mr. Farrell had left a glorious cellar full; binn upon binn, full to the ceiling. There lay the mouldy magnums, buried in rotten sawdust, and netted over with

cobwebs: a noble, but, I fear me, a rapidly "dissolving view." It was interesting to watch the grave O'Reilly bring up the huge bottles, one at a time, partially wrapped in a cloth, and carrying it tenderly like a ricketty baby. Then the careful decanting of the preci liquor into a huge jug, so gratefully co it raised a steam upon the glass. N to ring for O'Reilly. He knew th a magnum to a minute, and was hardly poured out befo sented himself with another

What capital songs were bro fellows, who had scarcely spoken out with some of the richest chants heard. What matches were made! eno have kept the sporting neighbourhood state of excitement for a month, if the come off. Nabochlish was backed, to amount, to go four miles across country, any number of stone walls, against any ho in the known world, barring Harkaway: and Mr. Kavanagh consented to ride the foxey-thoroughbred over a seven-foot wall for a wager of ten pounds. About a dozen steeple-chases were booked, mostly for a long figure; and a great handicap flat-race was arranged to

come off that day fortnight. There were some little interruptions to the harmony, arising in sarcastic allusions to the cattle; but they were speedily adjusted without any prospect of an appeal to arms the next morning. I do not [illegible]k that the Irish are, nowadays, more [illegible]o fighting than their neighbours. The [illegible]fessed duellists is, I believe, happily [illegible]culent fellows they were, as I well [illegible]twenty years ago, walking [illegible]sticks, and looking hard at [illegible]t, as much as to say, "What [illegible]

[illegible]ame devils and "morrowbones," [illegible]hich the "materials" were called for, [illegible]en the business of the evening seemed to [illegible]nence. A huge array of whisky-bottles [illegible]hot water, lemons, &c. came upon the [illegible]l; and there was placed before every [illegible] a small jug, holding near a pint, with [illegible]long spoon in it, and a glass. In these jugs every person brewed his own punch, pouring it out from time to time into the glass to drink.

Soon after supper "knocking" commenced. As the English reader may not understand the word "knock" in its Irish sense, some ex-

planation may be necessary; and I will give an example, as more explanatory than a definition. Mr. Magra says to Mr. Farrell, "I challenge your grey horse, Moses." Whereupon Mr. Farrell challenges any article of Mr. Magra's which he feels inclined to take in exchange for Moses,—say a Rigby gun. An arbitrator, acquainted with the respective value of the property at stake, is appointed, who, taking into consideration that Moses is a screw and the gun a new and good one, awards that the horse shall pay the gun ten pounds. He directs the parties to put "hands in pockets—draw:" whereupon Messrs. Magra and Farrell, having inserted their hands in their waistcoat pockets, draw them out closed; and if, upon their being opened, it shall appear that both have held money, the exchange of the gun for the horse is a good one, Mr. Farrell handing over to Magra the difference of ten pounds awarded. If neither, or only one, holds money, the exchange does not take place; it is no "knock." In cases where wearing apparel, watches, snuff-boxes, or any thing else on the spot, is "knocked," an immediate exchange takes place, so that a man frequently returns at night a very different figure from that which

he presented when he went forth, not only in the quantity, but the quality of his habiliments. Sometimes a brace of dogs accompany their new master instead of his coat or waistcoat: or he takes home a "shocking bad hat" in place of a satin stock. I have known a man leave his boots behind and carry with him a set of tandem harness. On the present occasion, business commenced by Dan Murphy challenging Mr. Magra's wig, who in return challenged Dan's false collar. The collar was to pay the wig ten shillings. Both held money, but "the collar was a shirt," as some one found out, so not easily transferable. A question arose whether the transaction was valid: when the arbitrator decided that as Dan held money he admitted the falsity, and, therefore, transferability of his collar; and if the collar were not false, it ought to be; and must be made false. So a pair of scissors was sent for, and it was taken off on the spot; Mr. Magra adopting the table napkin instead of his wig, which Dan wore over his own bushy hair. A considerable amount of property changed owners: an embroidered waistcoat went against a salmon rod, and the Lottery mare was exchanged for the foxey thoroughbred; Mr.

Farrell congratulating himself that he "had parted the mare."

There was some by-play, in the way of practical jokes, going on all the time. Ambrose Casan was fast asleep with his face blacked. The artist had drawn a line round each eye, and favoured him with moustaches and an imperial, with a slight black tip to his nose. In this state he was roused with the information that some one had challenged his trousers; and, hardly aware of what was going on, a friend whispered, "Have a knock at his hat, it's a new one." The hat paid the trousers five shillings; and before the troubadour was well awake, he was divested of his pantaloons and crowned with a white gossamer, put on sideways to the front, and well bonnetted down upon his brows by his attentive neighbours. Any thing more truly ludicrous than the appearance of the "pote" at this juncture cannot well be conceived: sitting in his drawers with a pair of Wellington boots, much too large in the calf; his intensely white face contrasting with its black ornaments; and the maudlin roll of his leaden eyes converted into a ghastly stare by the black circles drawn round them. Being called upon for a song,

he favoured the company, in a tone of deep pathos, with

"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,

(*A voice, aside.* "The throwsers you mane.")

If thy smiles had left me too;

(*Aside.* "Not likely, the figure you cut.")

I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert like them untrue.

(*Aside.* "Faith, 'twas your own dune.")

'Tis not in fate to harm me"——

(*Aside.* "Don't be too sure,—you may get a crick going home.")

Warming with the subject he got through the song with *éclat*, and from that time till the party broke up he was never wholly silent. Snatches of songs, amatory and heroic, maiden and pollard, followed each other in strange confusion, and were repeated again and again without the necessity of an *encore* on the part of the audience. A young gentleman or two were taken away by O'Reilly soon after supper, the experienced butler contriving to carry them off quietly, notwithstanding their previous vociferations, and they were heard of no more.

About twelve o'clock horses, gigs, and jaunting cars were announced, and a general break-up took place: some of the guests in their confusion taking the wrong direction, as might be surmised from the squealing of the Kittys and Kattys in the kitchen. Ambrose Casan was led out between two into the night air in his stockinets, shouting heroically,—

"We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us;
The friends we've tried are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!"

"Here he is, your honour! Mr. Casan's harse!" presenting a pony highly spiced, and in a corresponding state of excitement. "Will I help yer honour? Faith, he's shuck. This away, sir. Will you lend me your leg? sure you're not goin' over the harse? It's mighty airy ye are; won't ye be cowld acrass the bog? Have ye no big coat? Sure Flaherty (the fool) must go wid ye. Hooroosh! Flaherty! come out o' that and attind to Mr. Casan." The huntsman's yell was heard from the back of the premises in answer, and with his assistance the poet was safely lodged in the saddle, where he sat tranquilly warbling

"Oft in the stilly night,"

with frequent interruptions from the kicking pony, who did not carry his ginger gently. The troubadour changed his song more than once before he was out of hearing. The last we could make out was

"And though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun too nearly set;
I've enough of light and of wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet."

Flaherty (*obligato*). "Yroaraowlist!"

A DUEL.

While seated at breakfast next morning, after the quiet day at Farrellstown, I was startled by the sudden appearance of Mr. Ambrose Casan, who bolted into the room in an evident state of excitement. As this was a frame of mind so unlike that usually exhibited by my poetical friend, I marvelled at the provocation which could have produced such an unwonted exhibition. My curiosity did not seem likely to obtain an immediate gratification. He stamped and raved about the room, uttering cruel threats against somebody, but so many names were mixed up in his wrathful denunciations, that I was long before I made out what was the matter. He was in one of those humours when a man curses the world generally and his friends in particular; when,

perhaps, the imprecations had been more fitly directed against his own folly.

"What, in Heaven's name, is it?" I said at last, trying him in the poetical vein; "is it,—

'The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those you dote on?'"

"Friends, sir!" said Ambrose, fiercely; "what friend would have sent me home in such a state to meet Juliana? They knew it was there I was goan. It was a trick, a conspiracy. Murphy was at the bottom of it. Ah, how will I meet her again! Any how, I'll shoot Misther Dan; it'll be the last pair of throusers ever he'll take off, barring his own to-night! Ah, what satisfaction is it to Juliana to tell her I lost them in a 'knock?' And Farrell was as bad. By my soul, I'll have him out after I've finished Dan Murphy. And that cursed Flaherty, to bring them into the hall with his screeching! Well, I'll never meet her again. No wonder she was stiff with me when I took her hand and said,—

'Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me.'

'Not in your present state, Mr. Casan, if you plaze,' says she, looking down, mighty sur-

prised at my state. Sure Juliana blushed, and she'd the raison any how; and all the girls were stuffing things into their mouths, and Barney screeching fit to split.

'Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows,'

says I, little thinking what ailed them. 'Indeed, you're ill prepared for it,' says Juliana, with the sweetest modesty ever you see, still looking down, and I fancied a tear in her eye. 'Indeed you're ill prepared for your travels, Mr. Casan,' says she; 'and I'd beg to suggest an addition to your costume before you undertake to remove, unless to bed. And really, Mr. Ambrose,' says she, 'I'm quite surprised at your proposition; and besides, upon my word,' says she, 'I think it rather curious that you'd bring a friend home with you to make faces at us.' Faith, I turned to see what friend, and there was Flaherty, the sportsman, close behind, bad luck to him! grinning fit to turn the milk. By my soul, I footed him out of that pretty quick; and while I was struggling with the sportsman, there was more laughing than ever, and the blackguard screeching through the keyhole. Faith, it's tearing mad that I was. And who the divle should come down but Mrs. Molloy

herself, and she stared harder than any of them. 'Well, indeed, Mr. Ambrose,' says she, 'your appearance is rather singular in a party of ladies. I congratulate you upon being made a horse-officer,' says she; 'for you've very much the touch of a hussar about your face,' says she, 'though I can't say it's becoming to your appearance. And a strange fancy you have to undress coming home, considering the time of the year, and alarming my child, Mr. Casan,' says she. Well, faith, I looked down, when I saw their eyes upon my legs, and it was only then I found out I was after parting my trousers! Ah, how will I meet her again!"

The meaning of all this, I found out, was that Ambrose had been spending a few days with Mrs. Molloy, a widow lady, residing a few miles from Farrellstown, and to whose daughter, Juliana, he was paying his addresses. The whole family had waited up for him on the eventful occasion in question, and being alarmed at the sportsman's yell, given as he entered the gate, the whole household, visitors, servants, and the fair Juliana herself, hastened to the hall; when no sooner was the door opened, than in rushed the trouserless troubadour in a high state of excitement, with

Flaherty at his heels, and seizing the hand of his lady-love, addressed her in the words of the melody above quoted. The result has been pretty well explained in his own words.

As he went on with his narrative, I was very much grieved to find that early in the morning, while his anger was at the hottest, he had sought out Mr. Murphy and abused him in no measured terms, rendering difficult of adjustment that which otherwise might have been so easily explained away and apologised for, as a harmless frolic. Ambrose's visit to me was with the most hostile intentions towards Mr. Murphy. He was to be called out and shot without loss of time.

"Six paces, sir," said Ambrose; "half the usual distance in such a case as this! Ah! how will I meet her again!"

I promised to do the needful in the business, and placing a volume of soothing poetry in the hands of my excited friend, set forth upon my journey to Dan Murphy. I found him in consultation with *his* friend, and in a state of scarcely less excitement than Ambrose. After long consultation between myself and the other, it was decided that as the matter had gone so far a meeting could scarcely be avoided, as

the only means of silencing any awkward reports touching the reputation of the principals, always so readily circulated by one's good-natured friends. We were also of opinion, that when both parties were cooled down to a reasonable point, little or no damage was to be apprehended, as old friendship would operate to disarm them, and they would not fail to see the business in its true light. We knew them, too, to be thoroughly well-disposed, good-humoured fellows, and as far from bloodthirsty as possible. It was also understood, that if not quite cooled down by the next morning, we would put off the affair for another day. In the mean time the pugnacious poet took up his quarters in my house.

The next morning was bitterly cold and uncomfortable—sleety, drizzly, misty, miserable; the thermometer at 33° feeling colder than a frost, with the additional discomfort of wet. Of all the days in the year, it was that particular one which a man would have selected to indulge himself with a snooze of two hours longer than common, instead of being taken into a wet field to be shot at. The thought of cold iron was unpleasant on such a morning, and your finger felt a disinclination to touch

even a trigger. Hailing my friend about seven o'clock, I communicated the unpleasant fact that it was time to turn out. "What ho! Master Ambrose," quoth I, in the words of the Clown to Barnadine, "You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death!" But my friend did not appear to see any point in the jest.

After a cup of hot coffee we proceeded to some retired fields about half a mile from the town, just as night was "at odds with morning," the hedges and herbage heavy with the cold wet of the night, and the pitiless, sleety drizzle pelting in our faces — enough to cool the courage of a hero, let alone a "pôte." Early as it was, I fancied that we were not the only persons on foot, for I thought, now and then, that I caught sight through the mist of other figures moving parallel to us across the country. We were first on the ground, however, and for full twenty minutes submitted to the disheartening process of cooling our heels, but still the valiant troubadour kept up his spirits surprisingly. At length we perceived two figures moving towards us, and a few minutes sufficed to arrange the preliminaries. The men were placed at twelve fairly measured

paces, standing sideways to the rising sun, or rather the quarter where he usually rose, and the spot was chosen with a careful avoidance of all straight lines, whether of trees, banks, marks on the ground, or else, that might be supposed to afford a guide to the eye in bringing up a pistol to cover the body of an adversary.

The reader may depend upon it that there are few things in this life more unpleasant than being brought out on such a morning to fight a duel. I have said that Ambrose kept up his spirits well; the troubadour behaved like a *preux chevalier*. Taking the station allotted to him, he dug his heels into the ground, as if planting himself on the spot, and whirling the corner of his large cloak round his shoulders, in the Spanish fashion, till the flap came down upon his right breast, he stood the picture of passive resistance, and rather like an Egyptian mummy than otherwise. I felt certain that he repeated to himself,

> "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

It was found necessary partially to uncase him that he might have the use of a hand; and when all was ready, it was intimated to the

parties that on the words "*Are* you ready? Off!" they were to fire. My brother-second was to give the signal, and in a deep, sonorous voice had already got out the words, "Are you ready?" when from behind the ditch, about fifty yards off, arose the well-known demoniac yell of Flaherty the sportsman, who, supplying the word "Off!" himself, started across the field, screeching and yelling as if the hounds were before him, and throwing about his arms like a madman. Messieurs Casan and Murphy turned towards the wild hunter as he ran; and the same impulse moved them both—"Bang, bang," went the pistols at Flaherty, who dodged and screeched still louder as the balls whistled over him. "Th' other pistols! Th' other pistols!" cried both impatiently, and "bang, bang," they went in the same direction, but the sportsman was now safe behind the ditch.

"Gentlemen," said one of the seconds gravely, "this business can proceed no further. You, Mr. Murphy, have already admitted that no insult was intended in depriving Mr. Casan of his pantaloons. Mr. Casan, therefore, can have no objection to retract the offensive language used by him in a moment

of irritation and misconception; and on his doing so I have no hesitation, on the part of my principal, of withdrawing that used by Mr. Murphy, with expressions of regret that it was ever uttered. We who play the second parts in this little drama have already made up our minds that it is, from beginning to end, a foolish affair, and may be settled without bloodshed, particularly as you have both done your best to punish the chief offender. So now make haste and shake hands, for I'm in a hurry for my breakfast."

Mutual apologies were given to the satisfaction of all parties. They not only came to breakfast, but stayed to dinner, and as many of the "quiet party" as could be got at a short notice to meet them.

Few jollier parties than this, I am inclined to think, have ever met. Soon after supper, surprising though it may appear, they had a knock at Ambrose's trowsers, and not only carried them off, but subsequently his coat and waistcoat too. In this state he gave us—

"When first I met thee, warm and young,"

in a way which his oldest friends say he never equalled, and was eventually carried to bed

with all the honours. Neither did we forget to send for the sportsman to pass the evening, which he interpreted to mean the whole night; but care was taken that he had a sufficiency of whisky to make him safe in the way of screeching.

To shew how perfect was the reconciliation of all parties, it will be only necessary to say that this last-named individual was entrusted during the morning with the conveyance of a small, three-cornered note, from Ambrose Casan. The sportsman was too faithful a messenger to betray the address; but an occasional blast of his steam-whistle had been heard in the direction of Mrs. Molloy's.

Mr. H.

The matchless intrepidity of an Irishman's face is become proverbial; but I once met a man who in this regard out-Heroded all Hibernian Herods. He paid a bill with his face; he positively defeated a dun by the unassisted force of impudence!

It was at the sorrowful seaport of Holyhead. Three days had we been detained by such a gale of wind, as for steady continuance, if not for violence, I never saw before or since. During three mortal days and nights was the wind howling and tearing through the streets, the sign-boards swinging, the shutters banging; cloaks standing upright held on by the collar, and hats on the way to the mainland. Never for a moment did the rain cease to beat upon the streaming windows, the mist and spray to

smoke along the streets, or the sea to pound and roar against the rocks of that iron-bound coast. The place was beset; coaches, carriages, mails, kept filling the town, fuller and fuller from the landward, while every hour brought some sail-split, mast-broken, nigh-foundered vessel, scudding helplessly before it, with half her crew at the helm, cramming the wide-steering scarce-manageable craft as near as they could to the middle of the harbour's mouth.

What should we have done without Mr. H.? There was no sinking of spirits near him. I was almost sorry when the gale subsided, and on a pleasant morning we were bidding adieu to the miserable town.

There's no place on the earth's surface more hateful to me than Holyhead. Either you have been sick when you come to it, or are going to be sick when you leave; you have no comfort, and the certainty of imposition while you stay. Besides, I dislike the Welsh: they are grasping, stolid, and grossly inquisitive; they have no tact or delicacy; they are dirty, and prone to "do." I was not sorry in this instance to see one of them "done."

Mr. H. was an ample, loose-made man,

eminently dirty in his person, of foul linen, ill-cut clothes, and a shocking hat. He was—yes, I really think he was—the pleasantest fellow I ever met in my life, and his laugh was the most powerful weapon I ever saw used; it foiled every one; supporting, as it did, his consummate impudence and wit: he could hold a position against the whole talking world: you could do nothing with him—he was impassive. The most cutting irony, the most searching sarcasm; open abuse, covert inuendo, it was all the same to him; he treated every attack the same way, or nearly so. Talk at him as long as you would, he received the torrent upon his smooth, unwrinkled face, and when it had ceased, when all the ammunition was expended, the last shot fired, and the enemy had fairly run himself out, you might see a gentle movement of the lips; it stole to the nose, which acknowledged the receipt by a slight twitch; it went on to the eyes and slightly contracted the lids; it seemed a telegraphic communication passing from feature to feature. When they were all ready, a smile began to mantle over his acre of face like a catspaw of wind on a summer sea. The smile became a laugh—a hearty laugh—a horse laugh

—a roar—an indescribable gasping chuckle—a husky hurricane of merriment. The opponent, who fancied he had hit him hard and had all the joke on his own side, was astonished, astounded—fancied he had committed himself, especially as all the room involuntarily joined the adversary; he was confused, dumbfoundered, and defeated. When the hurricane had passed off, our laughter subsided into a plaintive whine, ready, however, for another explosion, if need were. I once knew a man whose laugh saved his life, but it was of a different nature from that of Mr. H., and may, perhaps, be noticed some time or other, in another place.

We had paid our bills at the hotel, and were on our way to the steamer, when a man thrust himself forward, and with an air of great insolence presented a paper to Mr. H. He was a priggish, impertinent dun, and executed his office (always an unpleasant one to all parties) in a way which made it doubly offensive. He did not ask for, but demanded, the money.

Mr. H. looked carefully over the account and then over the presenter. Letting his hand fall by his side with the bill extended in

it, he turned his face benevolently upon the creditor and eyed him from head to foot, then carefully and steadily from foot to head; finishing with a broad and continuous stare in his face.

Whilst this process went on, the creditor was boiling with rage. He became red and white, and yellow, and red again, and blue—he looked the concentrated essence of bad creditors, and nothing, seemingly, kept him from open abuse, but the hope of immediately touching his money.

Mr. H., after an attentive look of some seconds full in the Welshman's face, began gradually to open his mouth wider and wider. The man shrank from the portentous cavity; but still the mouth went on in its enlargement, till, arriving at its utmost width, there was shot forth such a charge of obstreperous laughter as positively made the creditor start back aghast. This only renewed the volley, and another rattling shower was poured into him like the streaming fire of a steam-gun.

The Welshman was frantic: he stamped, he raved, he cursed him by his gods, in Welsh; he thrust forward his clenched fists towards the roaring acre of face; he seized his own hat

from his head, threw it upon the ground, stamped upon it, spat upon it, and finally, tossing his arms aloft, ran howling down the street like a demoniac.

We slowly went on to the vessel, Mr. H. turning occasionally to fire a stern-chaser at the place whence he expected the enemy to re-appear; but he came not, and probably went and hanged himself.

It was, however, subsequently whispered in the steamer that the steward was instructed to settle the account on his return.

Mr. H.—rest his soul—is no more; but hundreds, if they ever see this page, will recognise him in the description, and thank me for raising the ghost of the most jovial companion of their lives.

THE OLD HEAD OF KINSALE.

SEAFARING people, and most others, know that the Old Head of Kinsale is a bluff promontory, jutting out into the Atlantic on the southern coast of Ireland." It is surmounted by a lighthouse, and the cliffs to the seaward are naked precipices of rock, rising perpendicularly from the water to a height of several hundred feet. It is five miles south of the town of Kinsale, and in calm, summer weather, occasionally resorted to by the inhabitants, and the garrison of Charles Fort, for the purpose of sea-bird shooting and other parties of pleasure.

It is well worth a visit at any time; but they who would view it in its sublimest aspect, should take their station on the cliffs while a south-west gale is blowing. The whole power

of the ocean seems then directed against this devoted headland, and the roar of the waters in the caverned cliffs is awfully grand; while sea-birds are screaming around in countless thousands.

On a delightful day in the latter end of the summer, a large party assembled together at the Old Head. Some — the cautious — proceeding by land; others, more adventurous, trusting themselves to the bosom of the deep in such boats as the town afforded; and all agreeing, after a few hours' scrambling over and about the Head, to eat a pic-nic dinner in one of the sea-caverns with which the southern side of it is perforated.

It is a spot well adapted for such parties. The rocks are slippery and dangerous, the paths precipitate. Ladies must be handed, or lifted, or carried; and delicate attentions are not only called for, but indispensable.

This pic-nic seemed likely to be exempt from the usual miseries of a party of pleasure. The elements, for a wonder, were in good humour, and appeared disposed, for once, to remit their peculiar spite against water-parties. The clouds kept out of the way, as having made up their minds to throw no damp on the ar-

rangements; barometers looked up with confidence, and the sun had a heartiness in his cheery old face, and a warmth in his manner, that brought out the daintiest of silks and the most gossamer of bonnets. The "level brine" slept in the sunshine; and the silent heaving of its breast against the polished rocks seemed like the breathing of the great deep.

We dined, in boats, in a cavern large as a village church, and the clear green water, thirty feet deep, revealed every object on the fine sand below. Half way down, hanging by the neck, might be seen champagne and punch, and other malefactors of that class. Then there was singing worthy of the syrens! "Here in cool grot" was given, and we laughed, and quaffed, and drank old sherry, to that happily chosen old glee. It was almost too delicious; and would have been entirely so, but for some faint prospect of a difficulty on the way home.

The Old Head is a sort of peninsula, and the isthmus connecting it with the mainland, though lofty, is somewhat lower than the Head itself. Underneath this neck of rock there is a passage practicable for a boat at low water, though entirely filled when the tide is

in. This natural tunnel is probably between two and three hundred yards long; the depth of water varying considerably, as does also the height of the roof; in some parts rising into lofty caves, in others the low-browed rocks barely permitting a boat to pass under them.

Having, on more than one occasion, traversed this tunnel before, I was instrumental in persuading the party in the boat to which I belonged to trust themselves for a brief space to the bowels of the earth, in preference to encountering a long pull round the headland. Every thing seemed favourable: it was low-water, the tide just flowing, and a small stream perceptibly set into the cavity; an additional argument, as it seemed, in favour of the adventure. The boat, which was of very moderate size—an old Portsmouth wherry, which had somehow found its way to Kinsale—was manned by the proprietor, old Sullivan, his son, the writer, another amateur, and a precious freight of three ladies, two of whom were young.

It is not very surprising that the elderly lady should, in the outset, have raised some objections to chaperoning her charges into the dark and rather forbidding aperture; but these

were eventually overcome by the rest. The boatmen having a direct interest in a scheme which promised to shorten their labour, came to the rescue with assurances of perfect safety and an early return home; the amateur had his bit of romance about visiting "the azure sisters of the silver flood" in their stronghold; and the syrens warbling a stave of the "cool grot," Mrs. Mahony was driven from all her positions, and finally consented to go under the hill. How the boatmen came to overlook the changed appearance of the weather seemed afterwards not easy to account for; unless, indeed, their short-sightedness might be referred to the cold punch.

All objections being happily got over, we slowly entered the hole under the isthmus, poling the boat along with the oars and boat-hook, and enjoying the singularity of the situation. It was a spring-tide and very low water, so that we passed the low parts of the tunnel with ample room to spare; and the current becoming rapid, helped the boat along with little effort on our parts. Meanwhile the other boats had gone round the Head, and we pitied the obstinacy and folly of their crews in choosing that circuitous and heavy pull in pre-

ference to the cool and refreshing short-cut we had taken ourselves. The picture we drew of their long labouring to windward was far from unpleasing to us; and not a few jokes were cracked at the well-known incapacity of some of our friends to handle an oar in the rising swell of the weather side. Imagining the crabs they would catch, and their other awkwardnesses, we much wished it were possible to ask them at what hour they would like their supper ordered at home, in the same spirit of benevolence that a gentleman in his well-appointed tilbury, on the Derby evening, inquires of a broken-down party if he can bespeak beds for them at the half-way house.

"I'm thinking we've done Corcoran now," said the old boatman. "Sure, he bate us down; but we'll be to windward of him now. We'll get a slant off the land, and run in a'most before he's round the Head. Long life to the ladies that give us a chance!"

"Faith we will, *maybe*," said Jem; "but I don't much like the flurry beyant. I'm 'most doubtful the wind's getting round to the astward."

"Ogh! go along wid ye; ye'r alway doubting, Jem. Be lively wid yer hook and shove

her along, for fear the ladies would be cowld. Aisy! don't stave her in, Jem; there's a difference betune haste and hurry, as I've towld ye before. Sure, Mrs. Manony, ma'am, ye find it pleasant under the hill here? It's seldom I bring ladies this away, but they mostly like it when they're in. It's cool afther we've had a taste o' sperrits, ma'am!"

"Well, indeed, Mr. Sullivan! I hope you don't accuse me of the like, when it's rare that I taste wine, let alone punch. You're rather free in your observations, Sullivan, I think. I fear you're rolling about yourself, for there's a strange motion in the boat lately. Indeed, I fear you're hardly sober, Sullivan."

There was a strange motion in the boat, indeed. She was heaving in a ground-swell, and the "flurry" that the young man had noticed a-head of us now increased to something very like the roar of a breaking sea at the mouth of the tunnel towards which we were steering.

The wind, instead of coming off the land, as it had done all day, had drawn round to the east, as surmised by Jem, and blew fresh down the coast and right into the mouth of our tunnel; where, meeting the full flow of the

tide round the Head, it raised a formidable sea.

As the noise of the breakers became too evident to be doubtful, I observed old Sullivan look seriously at his son, and taking an oar proceeded silently, but with all his strength, to assist in poling us along. The ladies held on by the gunwale; and the amateur, pressing his hand against his stomach, made a discovery that lemon had been too liberally used in the punch—a thing that never *did* agree with him.

As we advanced, the noise increased, and the small boat became much agitated: one moment we were raised so suddenly as to endanger the knocking of heads against the roof; the next, were partially landed on some rock in the channel, from which the little craft, much too frail for such usage, slipped again into deep water, nearly depositing some of us there also. Still all hands worked confidently onwards; the small spice of danger adding, not unpleasantly, to the excitement of the scene. But the water soon became much too rough to be either pleasant or safe, jamming the little wherry against the rocks in a way which threatened immediate ruin to her frail

timbers. Notwithstanding all this, the ladies, ignorant of the extent of the danger, shewed little fear, even when we came within a few yards of the tunnel's mouth, and saw the white crests of the waves breaking fearfully into the opening.

Obstructed as the passage was by rocks of various sizes, some of them just under water, it required some management to steer a boat through the tunnel even in calm weather; but it was apparent, at least to the male part of the crew, that any attempt to force her out against such a sea as this would be attended with almost certain destruction. If not stove in by the sunken rocks, the probability was that she would be swamped, with her unsteady crew, amongst the breakers; in which case, our escape over the huge masses of slippery rock with the sea washing over us, an occasional plunge into deep water, with three screaming women clinging to us, would be worse than doubtful. But even if, by a miracle, we escaped drowning in the first instance, what chance was there of all, if indeed of any, of us, ascending the face of the cliff before the rising tide? The amateur was as little of a crag's-man as the young ladies themselves; and

the idea of Mrs. Mahony scaling a precipice that might have baffled a chamois-hunter, was too palpably absurd to be thought of with gravity, even in our precarious condition.

After making an attempt, in which the apprehended catastrophe nearly occurred, and getting the boat half filled with water, we were glad to make our retreat again into the friendly shelter of the tunnel.

After a short consultation, it was unanimously decided to return by the way we came, land on the other side of the Head, and make the best of our way home in any conveyance which the country might afford. But a fearful apprehension—silently felt, though finding no vent in words—came over us, that we might be too late! The rapid set of the tide into the passage we have noted before; and obstructed as it was in its exit by the freshening wind, and blown back into the tunnel, it became extremely doubtful whether the low parts of the passage were not already closed up!

Old Sullivan, now silent and sober enough, worked hard with his son in forcing the boat stern-foremost along. Nor were the amateurs idle; while the white breakers, roaring past,

forced the boat deeper and deeper into the hole.

"Work! work! for the love o' God!" cried the old man. "I fear we're too late! Ochone! ochone!"

There was no occasion to exhort us to labour. The adventure had become awfully serious: and, to make matters worse, it was nearly dark.

Hitherto the ladies had remained surprisingly quiet, setting their bonnets to rights, or bringing home a wandering curl whenever a momentary lull permitted them to let go of the gunwale; but an unlucky question suddenly roused them.

"If," said the amateur, "we can't get out the way we came, I suppose we'll have to wait in here till low tide again?"

"We will, indeed!" said old Sullivan; "and many more low tides after that, unless we can live twelve hours under water. There's not a place the size of your hat in all this passage that won't be full in less than an hour. And I'm thinking it's full now in two places. Work, Jem, for the love an' honour of God!"

Then arose the three ladies and began to scream: then to run wildly about the boat, doing, in their distraction, every thing most likely to impede our progress. To reason with them was in vain; but some heavy blows against the roof reduced them to a quieter state.

By this time we had reached the first of the low passages, and happily got through it, lying down in the boat and pushing along with our hands against the rocks above, though the timbers were sorely tried by the heaving swell, and we ourselves suffered from protruding portions of the roof being forced in upon us as we lay between the thwarts.

We were now between the two narrows, and if unable to pass the smaller one our fate was sealed. To go back was utterly impossible; and the passage before us was lower than that which we had just found it all but impossible to pass. Bitterly and audibly did all parties repent not having taken our chance amongst the breakers—where at least we had daylight and a fair struggle—instead of being gradually closed up in this frightful hole. The thin line of light which marked the low passage before

us was barely enough to render visible the darkness of this dreary vault; and when the heaving swell closed up the passage we were left in total darkness. There was a fearful sense of suffocation, induced by the feeling that we were buried alive under the mountain—the cavity of unknown dimensions slowly but certainly filling up—while the gulping sound of the air, which forced its way back into the cavern on the swell subsiding, seemed like the difficult breathing of some asthmatic monster enclosed with us underground.

With a feeling of utter desperation we approached the low passage. The light increased, which raised our hopes, but the low rocks almost touched the water, and at every heave which filled the passage our hearts sank within us. We tried to force the boat through and failed: she could not be brought within several yards of the strait, and while we were exerting our utmost strength in the attempt, every returning sea seemed to cling longer and longer to the roof. The ladies were quiet, or only moaned in agony. It was now the male part of the crew that gave way. The younger boatman, who had scarcely spoken before, now

bewailed his hard fate. He called upon his wife and child. The old man beat his breast and prayed.

There seemed some faint chance of escape by swimming, or rather partly diving through the passage; but the ladies, as if anticipating some attempt of the kind, held firmly on to their natural protectors. Mrs. Mahony, indeed, clung so tightly round old Sullivan's neck that she nearly choked him before his time, and he was obliged to use some force to disengage himself.

At this crisis a lucky thought struck some one,—

"Swamp the boat!"

It was no sooner said than done. Leaning heavily on the gunwale, we suffered the water to enter till she was nearly full, while the ladies were, with some difficulty, made to lie down in the water under the thwarts with barely their faces above the surface. Getting out of the boat ourselves, and partly swimming, partly supporting ourselves against the sides of the tunnel, or on such rocks as rose within reach from the bottom, we urged the boat on. It was a near thing—all but a failure. More than once we were entirely under water for

some seconds, with the boat jammed against the roof: but fortunately, having no ballast, and the ladies forced to continue lying down, she could not sink. But what a spluttering and screaming there was when the subsiding water gave a moment's breathing time! We were nearly giving up from sheer exhaustion and the stunning blows we received, but our efforts were eventually crowned with success, and we emerged half drowned into the open sea. The water on this, the lee-side, was perfectly calm, with a scarcely perceptible swell, though the rising gale flying over the headland told what must have been our fate amongst the breakers on the weather-side.

The thankfulness, the rejoicing of the party, may be imagined. To bale the boat with our hats was the work of a few minutes, and the ladies were landed on a rock to get rid of some of the water which streamed from their clothes. Strange figures they were, certainly: the white and pink bonnets flattened into shapes never contemplated by the curious *modiste;* and veils, long hair, and artificial flowers, all tangled and jumbled together about the necks of the fair owners.

But Mrs. Mahony was in the most woful

plight: for old Sullivan, in his struggles to free himself from her strangling embrace, had knocked off bonnet, cap, and wig, and the poor lady exhibited a perfectly bald head, with the exception of a grizzled stubble round the back part and over the ears. She was a little ruffled at this sad *exposé*, but we were all too happy to permit such a feeling to last beyond the moment. It was too ridiculous: and she joined at last in the roar of laughter. Old Sullivan, as soon as he recovered from his hoarse cackle of enjoyment, made all the amends in his power by tendering his hat for her use—an offer which she promptly accepted. It was a glazed, low-crowned sailor's hat, with flowing riband, and the brim rather turned up all round, and being much too large for Mrs. Mahony, was obliged to be worn well cocked over the brows, which revealed the grey stubble at the back of the old lady's head, and gave an inexpressibly rakish look to her features. As one never happens to see a lady either with a bald head, or wearing a tin hat over a grey cropped one, it was impossible to imagine Mrs. Mahony any thing but a little stumpy old man.

Leaving the boat in charge of young Sul-

livan, we ascended a zigzag path to the top of the Head, intending, if possible, to procure some change of clothes at the lighthouse. We had hard work to get the ladies up, for the path, precipitous in all parts, was dangerous in some. The chill east wind which we encountered on the summit, blowing through our wet clothes, was so uncomfortable that Mrs. Mahony asked old Sullivan for his pea-jacket in addition to the hat.

If any thing could have increased the absurdity of her appearance, it was this huge round jacket, which reached nearly to her heels; and being confounded in the twilight with her dark silk dress, gave her the appearance of a large long-bodied seaman, whose legs had by some accident been omitted, and his feet joined on to the bottom of the trunk.

Near the lighthouse we encountered the old sailor who had charge of it, and much surprised he was at the reception of so motley a group. But it would have puzzled the cleverest delineator of funny features to do justice to the perplexed astonishment of his face when Mrs. Mahony briskly passed him in her way to the house. He stepped back and rubbed his eyes, in doubt apparently whether it was some crea-

ture of the element or a razéed old seaman that was making for his stronghold: and she nearly reached the door before he found words to address her.

"Who are ye, at all?" said he, at last. "Are ye Falvey? Is it Andy Falvey, of Skibbereen, ye are? and where are ye goan?"

"To bed!"

"Is it to bed? sorrow bed ye'll get here: sure, this is a lighthouse; maybe ye take it for a dhry lodging. It isn't much I like the cut of your jib; so come out of that, if ye plaze. None of yer thricks, Mr. Falvey, if it's Falvey ye are—but it's hard to say from the back of ye what ye are!"

But Mrs. Mahony was already housed, and through the kindness of the men's wives was provided, as were the other ladies, with a change of clothes: though their astonishment was extreme when the hat and jacket were taken off. Jackets and trousers were put into requisition for ourselves, and a jaunting-car being procured from a family in the neighbourhood, we proceeded home in a costume scarcely less ridiculous than that in which we entered the lighthouse.

It may be scarcely necessary to say that no

person has, as yet, prevailed upon Mrs. Mahony to re-enter the tunnel at the Old Head; and we apprehend that those who may desire to see her in the costume attempted to be described above, must content themselves with a feeble representation in possession of one of the amateurs.

BARNEY O'HAY.

On the eastern slope of the Galtee mountains, near the bottom, is a small, retired, unsuspected village. It is enclosed between two spurs of the mountain, which stretch out with an easy declivity beyond the rest into the plain, and hold the village, as it were, in their arms; while it partly inclines up the hill, and a few cabins have strayed out upon the level ground. There is only one house above the rank of a cabin in the place, inhabited by the agent of the great proprietor, to whom the neighbouring range of hills, the village, and the land about it, belongs.

Over this portion of the mountain a sportsman had obtained permission to shoot; and being accredited with a letter from the great man, proceeded to introduce himself to Mr.

O'Hay, the respectable agent, as having the only house capable of affording him accommodation for the few days he purposed to sojourn there. Inn there was none; neither could the village boast of possessing a lawyer, or a doctor; and some said there were neither quarrels nor sickness: in fact, the place was sadly behindhand in civilisation.

Mr. O'Hay's family consisted of his wife (a middle-aged lady), two daughters of eighteen or twenty, and a son, Barney, a hobbledehoy of fifteen.

The master of the house was an active little man of business, knowing in rents and the value of land, curious in crops, awake to the markets, perpetually bustling about, and besieged, go where he would, by a crowd of grey-coated hangers-on, tenants, or would-be-tenants, with whom he was always laughing and joking, and doing business, and pushing about, and putting life into. It was curious to mark the difference before and after their interviews with him. To see them enter the house with their faces down to their waistbands, you would have fancied there was some falling-sickness of the features in the place; and the meditative scratching of heads as they came up to the

door, might have suggested to a stranger a prevalent epidemic of the scalp. But Mr. O'Hay sent them away with jocund features and a springy step; and many, when outside the gate, would indulge in that peculiar caper which so well expresses an Irishman's happiness, whether he is going to dance a jig or to break a head.

A great shortener of faces was Mr. O'Hay: in fact he had the trick—

"Of scattering smiles on this uneasy earth."

He was one of those happily constituted persons who seem to have a natural right to take liberties without their being considered such, because it was plain from his honest and hearty way that they were never meant to be liberties. He could punch in the ribs, and set in a roar a gouty old fellow, that nobody else could venture upon at all; and as for chucking the girls under the chin, and pinching the widows' cheeks, nay, kissing the wives before their husbands' faces, there was not such a man in all the Galtees. He was a chartered libertine in the way of small practical jokes. Happy in himself, happy in his wife and family, he gave

a happy infection to all who came near him; and if you did not catch it from him, you were sure to do so from some of the family.

They belonged to that kind of people that we occasionally stumble upon in our walk through the world, with whom we become at once intimate: we are at home with them before they have spoken a word; and, even without knowing their names, we feel that a regular introduction is almost an impertinence.

It is astonishing how little is required to make us happy, if we only knew it. Here they were, the bustling little man of business, the blooming matron, two fine healthy girls, and a hobbledehoy, shut up in a little valley of the Galtees, that nobody ever heard of; ten miles from the smallest town; knowing nobody; without a "Times;" ignorant of Grisi; reading no "Punch;" benighted as regards the colour of the late premier's waistcoat; even doubtful about Lord Brougham's profile: and asking if Sivori was a fiddler! There they were; not crushed by their heavy lot, but chirping, and singing, and working from morning till night. You might have searched the world without finding a nest of five hap-

pier birds. Five! there was another, Judy, with a face the colour of a peony, and the size of a moon.

It was too good to last. They had a friend somewhere — save us from such a meddling fellow! — who thought, no doubt, to do a fine thing, and get Barney a writership, or a cadetship, or some place that was to make his fortune, in India. This unsettled them at once. What to do for the best? Till the friend did them this good turn, they had never shed a tear.

I have often regretted that tyrants have been wholly discontinued in this country. If there had been one situated conveniently to the Galtees, it would have been pleasant to make interest with him to get that friend soundly flogged for his ill-judged interference; and I would have had the executioner of the sentence proclaim, in an audible voice, at every stroke, the words, "Let well alone!" and have had the same inscribed in the public places of the city; and should have wished that the tyrant would call for his secretary to bring his tablets, and write down the history of that punishment, for a warning to all meddling people in time to come, as was

the custom of the illustrious tyrants of the Caliphate.

Why did they want to make him a writer? Had not he enough to do at home? and could the little man last for ever? and, when he dropped, who was to keep the books and the family? Is it pleasant to look forward to be turned out of house and home in the course of Nature, and all because you have a son getting bilious and rich in India? Are there not enough of the friendless to feed their oriental frying-pan, without dipping into happy families for victims? Does it never occur to people that their livers swell with their capital? and, however pleasant may be the anticipation of cutting up fat, it is paying very dear for it to lead the life of a Strasburgh goose.

And what is it, after all, when he does get rich, and comes home in twenty or thirty years a lone man, his friends dead and gone, the world gone a-head of his old ideas, his habits changed, and he finds himself the mark of every sordid flatterer, the hunted-up of long-forgotten cousins, the besieged of scheming widows and manœuvring mammas; the wearer of those reversionary shoes so anxiously looked for from dead men; talking about Chingleput

and Conjeveram, and ghauts, and nullahs, and nautches, and dingys, and dandys; and full of pestilent anecdotes of Nawaubs. What a helpless creature it is! Going to Covent Garden market at five in the morning, as if it was the Bazaar at Bangalore; and in bed while other people are getting their dinner! Instead of being a shortener of faces like his father, the happy husband of another Mrs. O'Hay, the father of other Janes and Bessys, and the master of another moon-faced Judy, he sinks into the querulous twaddle of a club.

They made a mistake and accepted the appointment. The next morning he was to go. As the coach came by betimes, the breakfast was early, too early for the guest to get away before it. Nothing is more painful than intrusion upon scenes of sorrow; but he could not escape: the little man held him; Mrs. O'Hay intreated: the girls looked imploringly; he saw they felt his presence a relief, so he stayed.

Poor simple creatures! they were easily seen through; and what they said they meant. If the whole family mass had been tried by the most searching analysis, I verily believe that

not a single grain of deceit would have been found in it.

At breakfast they came out in a new character; they were positively noisy. There was an incessant torrent of jokes, and the stream was showered most upon Barney.. Every ludicrous incident of that young man's life was called up, and they laughed till their eyes ran over; nay, to see how red and swollen they were, you would have supposed they had laughed till they cried all night.

Then came the brave old stories of how Barney was tossed by the cow; how he was followed over the mountain one night by a ghost, which turned out to be Shawn's white goat; which, however, was not whiter than Barney when he came in. How once he tried his hand at roasting an egg, and hatched it without any sitting; and what a joke it was among the tenants when the eagles carried off their chickens, that they had only to come to Mr. Barney, long life to him! who would do the like, or any thing else for them, for he was a good young gentleman, and kind to the poor.

And then the guest put in *his* small joke, borrowed from the authentic Miller, and not

altogether unknown in the civilised world—but, Lord, anything will go down in the Galtees!—of how a certain Scotchman eating, as he thought, an egg, heard the plaintive cry of a chicken going down his throat, and exclaimed apologetically, "Eh, mon, ye spak too late!"

And it was pronounced a good story, and a new, and was applauded, and honourably received, and laughed at.

Never did people behave in a more frantic and wasteful way than they all did at that breakfast. It was incredible the quantity of bread and butter they cut and handed about, and which nobody seemed to eat; and while Jane was wildly cutting up the loaf, Bessy was as madly buttering toast. In fact the bread seemed the grand point to fall back upon, when nothing else occurred to them to do; and they all had a turn at it. If Barney had eaten all the good things they heaped upon his plate, it would have been doubtful if he ever saw the morrow's sun. Why, his share of the slim-cake alone would have furnished him with indigestion for a month! Then the water did not boil, or they had put too much or too little; and every body was ready to jump up and set it to rights. And when any one turned

away from the rest, they had a way of dashing their hands across their eyes; but still they kept up the joke, and laughed louder than ever. A blind man would have fancied that he had fallen in with a set of the most restless and inveterate jesters it was possible to conceive.

And the little man was as active as any of them, for at least twenty times did he bolt out of the room, either to make a memorandum or to fetch something from his office, where you could hear him blowing his nose as if he had a shocking cold in the head.

At last Barney fairly gave in. "Hoo, thin, I can't ate any more," said he, and taking occasion to wipe his eyes as he wiped his mouth; but they only plied him the faster; and this was a crowning jest.

With what shallow artifices we try to deceive ourselves and others! as if this thin mask of merriment could hide the tears that fell upon their plates and bosoms! as if, with their red eyes and swollen noses, they could pass themselves off as a happy party! as if, with the poor pantomime of a pocket-handkerchief and an attempt at a cough, they could lead people into an idea of catarrhs and colds, or foist upon them the choking of sobs for a hoarseness!

They were but shallow impostors, and little knew the task they had in hand; love, fear, joy, anger, may be concealed or feigned, but intense grief, never.

"Hoo, thin, I hear the horn!" said Barney, rising up. "Good-by, father; good-by, mother;" throwing an arm round each of their necks: "good-by, Bessy; good-by, Jane;" adding them both to the family embrace: "I'll never see—never see ye agin!"

"My boy! my Barney! good-by, good-by!" They all hung together, it was their last embrace—they were a compound animal, a human polypus, and they went out clinging to each other, all crying, sobbing, choking, and blubbering together.

In the passage there was another explosion: it was the moonfaced Judy adding herself to the family mass, and "Hoo, thin, good-by, Judy," was heard above all.

Barney's box was on the roof of the coach, himself on the wheel, another step would have done it, when he turned and saw old Rush, the rough old dog who had gone up the mountain with him since he could walk, and was as old as himself. The old dog was standing midway between the family tree and the

severed branch; doubt and wonder were in his ears, and deep despondency in his tail—he clearly did not know what to make of it.

No creature is gifted with such power of mute expression as the dog, he has it at both ends. Can any one be so insensible as not to see in the ears thrown back the most engaging smile, increasing to a laugh, as the tail takes up the feeling? And how unmistakeably does doubt sink into sadness, sadness to grief, grief to despair, an inch at a time, till with a frantic re-action the feature rises into terror between the legs! People when they trim their puppies should remember that they are depriving the poor dogs of their laugh; cutting away smiles as well as gristle, and chopping off the silent eloquence of the passions with every curtailment of the caudal vertebræ.

"Hoo, thin, how will I lave him at all?" said the poor boy, jumping down and sobbing till he was half stifled upon his neck; "how will I part him, the cratur, that knows me so long? Will I ever go up the mountain agin with him? I'll never, never, see the ould cratur agin!"

In another minute Barney O'Hay was on his way to Bengal.

HEAD-BREAKING.

An Irishman may be called, *par excellence*, "the bone-breaker" amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this their natural propensity, there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play: there is no such thing known, whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of. "Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why would we let him

up again?" expresses the feeling on such an occasion.

"Sure, it's a Moynehan!" was repeated by fifty voices in a row at Killarney, where all who could come near enough were employed in hitting, with their long blackthorn sticks, at an unfortunate wretch lying prostrate and disabled amongst them. Fortunately, the eagerness of his enemies proved the salvation of the man, for they crowded so furiously together that their blows fell upon each other, and scarcely any reached their intended victim on the ground. It was ridiculous to see the wild way in which they hit one another; but so infuriated were they, that no heed was taken of the blows, or probably in their confusion the hurts were ascribed to the agency of the man on the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see columns, of many hundreds strong, march into Killarney from opposite points, for the sole purpose of fighting on a market-day. Why they fought nobody could tell—they did not know themselves; but the quarrel was a "very pretty quarrel," and no people in the best of causes could go to work more heartily than they did. The screams, and yells, and savage fury of the combatants

would have done credit to an onslaught of Blackfeet or New Zealanders, whilst the dancing madness was peculiarly their own. But in spite of the vocal efforts of the combatants, and the constant accompaniment of the sticks, you could hear the dull *thud* which told when a blackthorn fell upon an undefended skull.

Next to these faction fights at Killarney, the wildest collection of people I ever saw was at the races near Clonakilty. There they were all friends, at least no rival factions, and if knocking down be a proof of Irish friendship, the general amicability of the assembled multitude was abundantly proved. It was painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming "High for Cloney!"

He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a "High" for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the blackthorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with, at least, one pair of fair but powerful

arms; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a soft-hearted fellow, he can't stand it at all, they still squeeze him close; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some distant booth, where in a few minutes more he is "on the floore" in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

The jockey who rides against a popular horse undertakes a service of some danger, for there are no means, however unfair, which they will not adopt to cause him to lose the race. They will hustle him, throw sticks and hats in his way, in the hope of throwing over horse and rider. I had once an opportunity of seeing a little summary justice done by the priest of the parish in such a case. The rider of a steeple-chase was struck heavily by some of the mob as he rode over a fence, and the circumstance reported to the priest, who properly required that the offender should be pointed out to him. His reverence was a hearty, powerful fellow, mounted on a strong horse, who, report said, was much given to run away with his master on hunting-days, and could seldom be pulled up till the fox was killed. Riding calmly up to the offender, he

inquired if the report were true, and taking the sulky shuffling of his parishioner as an affirmative, he proceeded to lash him heartily over the head and shoulders with a heavy hunting-whip. The culprit writhed and roared in vain; his reverence, warming with the exercise, laid on thicker and faster, now whacking him heavily with handle and lash together, then double-thonging him upon the salient points as he wriggled and twisted; and when the man bounded for a moment as he thought out of reach, he was caught with such an accurate and stinging cast of the whipcord under the ear, as argued in the worthy pastor a keen eye for throwing a line. At last he fairly bolted, trying to dodge the priest amongst the crowd, but his reverence had a fine hand on his well-broken horse, besides a pair of sharp hunting-spurs over the black boots, and was up with him in a moment. Accustomed as one is to the delays and evasions of courts in this our artificial state, it was positively delicious to witness such a piece of hearty, prompt, un-quibbling justice.

But when the popular horse wins, then indeed the scene is fine. No sooner did a certain chestnut get a-head of the rest, then there arose

a cry from ten thousand people, of "The Doctor's harse! the foxey harse! the Doctor's harse!" accompanied by such a rush as fairly swept the winner off the course towards the weighing-stand; and when, after the weighing, the favourite was walked to a distant part of the ground, he was accompanied by the same thousands, shouting "The Doctor's harse! the foxey harse!" &c. &c. Never, except on this occasion, have I seen five hundred persons trying to rub down one horse at one time, with ten times that number anxious to assist, and only prevented by the evident impossibility of getting near enough. Hats, handkerchiefs, coats, handfulls of grass—all were in requisition, while the vast mass of excited people roared, screeched, vociferated the endless virtues of the horse and master, though probably not one in a hundred knew anything of either, only that the horse opposed to him was owned by an anti-repealer.

But there is a wild love of head-breaking in an Irishman, in the abstract of all quarrels and feuds. One instance I will mention. It was at the races of Clonakilty where, as I have observed, they were all friends. I was walking among the long drinking-tents or

booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor, or central part, being occupied by jig dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round,—these being close to the canvass walls, shewed to the spectators outside the bulging indications of the heads, shoulders, elbows, &c. of those who leaned against them. Amongst them was one who leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded much beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous "alpeen." He looked again at the head—a destructive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit: surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the stick under his left arm, and rubs his hands. He smiles: some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quickly round—makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down

the heavy knob, with all his force, upon the skull protruding from the canvass—whack!! The heavy sound was awful: surely no human bones could stand this?—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull-breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick.

But he was not destined to escape without paying some penalty for his frolic. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. He was instantly surrounded by those who came out first, and, in the commencement, had decidedly the worst of the fight; but he laid about him gallantly, right and left. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

Now, this might have been his father, brother—nay, his mother or sister, or dearest friend. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected.

On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers.

In some parts of the country the police have interfered with the use of alpeens, which has brought stones, more into play, and particularly a very fatal weapon — a heavy stone dropped into the foot of a long worsted stocking: this has the advantage of being portable, and not seen beforehand by the police.

CADS, FOOLS, AND PEGGARS.

THE Irish cads are a singular generation, apart from every other class of the community. The CAD, properly so called, is only to be found in perfection in the large towns, Dublin, Cork, Limerick, &c. Doubtless they are to be met with in all towns, nay, villages, in the country; but in these latter they merge, more or less, into the juvenile mendicancy of the place, and cannot be said to form a distinct class. But the cad of a large town, a garrison one particularly, is a being of a superior intelligence: acquainted, to minuteness, with the history of every body in the place, their birth, fortunes, and expectations; above all, no scandal escapes him. He is, emphatically, "downy." Has a curious judgment in car-horses; knows their

capabilities to a mile, and may be safely trusted to bespeak and procure this indispensable article. In a word, he is the faithful messenger, the much-trusted guide, the procurer-general of the place. There are mysteries about cads. I have never, except in one instance, seen a cad older than five-and-twenty. What becomes of the old cads? is a question more easily asked than answered. Generally, they move off the scene about the age of puberty.

Are they worn out, and die of superhuman exertion at this period, or do they retire upon a competence? Do they marry and settle in the country? Bah! the thing is impossible. Some curious inquirer would have found their retreats. "Cadville" would have been heard of. The problem has not yet been solved; but I am inclined to think they die in the prime of youth. I place the Cork cad at the head of the whole fraternity for intelligence, trustworthiness, and long-suffering. Now and then a genius will appear in other places, but, as a body, none come up to the cads of Cork. The Dublin cad is a very inferior animal; he is a sad bunch of wretchedness. Hat, shoes, or stockings, he has none: he is in a flutter of small brown rags; looking as if a portion of

hashed mutton had been thrown at him, and, by some unknown influence, hung about his person in the semblance of a dress, as a handful of nails adhere to a magnet. He is invariably very young; used up, perhaps, at an earlier period in the capital. He is too young for confidence. He may hold a horse, perhaps; but who would entrust such a creature with a delicate commission? How unlike this are the Cork cads of the senior department! What a comfort to the stranger! what a guide, philosopher, and friend, does one of them prove to the new-comer! Like their brethren of Dublin, they begin in hashed mutton (happy could the metaphor be realised!), and toil many weary years without any outward sign of an ameliorated condition—for it is something for their crude energies to procure a subsistence. Their ultimate success is, however, certain. First, trousers come, with a leetle shirt out behind; then, a jacket; then, old boots, of immense proportions and no toes; then, a shirt; then, perhaps, stockings may be surmised; and ultimately, the greasy, leather cap is exchanged for a hat—some seedy gossamer discarded by an embarking ensign. When a cad arrives at the dignity of a hat, he may be said to enter

the senior department of the order. His manners undergo a marked change.

"Manners with fortunes, humours change with climes," &c.

He is quieter, more civil, and respectful; even polite. The hat has conferred importance, and he is proud to touch it, conscious of the happy fact. His phraseology is refined; the blunt request, "Will yer honor give me the butt?"* is usually changed to, "Would yer honor *obleege* me with the butt?" Nay, at my last visit, I observed that trouser-straps began to obtain among them. So enormous a stride in refinement may justify one in supposing that breast-pins and zephyrs may not unreasonably be looked forward to at no very distant period.

No country but Ireland produces cads—as far as I am aware of. There is a cadie in Edinburgh, but I take it he is of a much lower order. England has no cads—the horse-holders of London are not to be named with them. Gibraltar has its Jew boys; but they

* The last inch, or so, of a cigar, usually thrown away.

are a feeble imitation. They are sadly deficient in enterprise and pluck; are weakly afraid of Spanish knives, and apt to howl at the practical joking of midshipmen: they have no elasticity of spirit to support them through the trials of their order.

The Cork cads are wont to attach themselves to leading individuals of the garrison, and to urge the connexion as a recommendation to new-comers. "I'm Mr. Stewart's cad, sir!" "I'm Captain Smith's boy, sir!" and there was one called, *par excellence*, "The intelligent Cad!" who simply shewed you a card on which was written, "Recommended by me, George Browne!" If quires of paper had been expended in a laboured panegyric, it could have gone no further than this. You felt at once it was enough; Browne's cad must be an impersonation of vigilance; and you looked with mute reverence upon the eloquent pasteboard.

From cads it seems an easy transition to Fools; not from their resemblance, but their association. Every town in Ireland has its fool—the poor, privileged, harmless, natural of the place: to call him the jester would be

wrong, for his wit is more of the passive than the active order.

He is not so much a "poker" of fun himself, as the recipient of the jokes of others: above all, he is the authorised and well-established butt of the cads. He is the target of their jokes; but he rarely, unless much enforced, gives out a return. When, however, the retort is extracted, it is sure to tell. Independent of any merit of its own, there is mostly an idiotic leer, a queer contortion, a horrible grimace, accompanying the jest, which adds a sting to its point.

The poor fool is not, perhaps, altogether deficient in knavery, but his foible is a love of finery. He is great in a procession. His usual costume is some worn-out military coat, and his passion is a band. He ushers in and out every regiment that passes; and usually carries some quaint emblem of arms—a lath-sword or a broom-firelock. He is a sort of local drum-major; and it is amusing to see the pompous indignation of the regular functionary at the disreputable association, as they march side by side at the head of the band. Even the dusty and strapless major looks with

no favourable eye at the implied ridicule of the companionship.

The BEGGARS are, I fear, a hacknied subject: no one can treat of Ireland without a notice of them. But I may mention, that in no other country have I seen a mounted beggar. This mendicant field-officer flourished some years ago at Killarney,—and I have no doubt still continues to flourish, for he was a hale, old cripple. We have all heard of a beggar on horseback, but my friend had not quite arrived at that dignity—his *monture* was a donkey, and I am inclined to think the speculation answered. I shall never forget the beggars of Killarney. They were the sturdiest of their kind. With what punctuality they assembled at the arrival of the Cork mail! and last, but not least, came our mounted friend, slowly turning the corner as the distant horn was faintly heard in the suburbs: his two crutches protruding in front, and giving him something of a lancer character.

To hear the piteous tales that were addressed to the passengers, you would suppose that the concentrated wrath of Heaven had fallen upon

the place, and its poor. They were quite a crowd. What a yell of expectation, and a crowding forward of the poor cripples, at any indication of the coming halfpenny! How the lancer charged home to the window at the faintest movement of a hand to a pocket! How he passaged and wheeled about to clear the way and secure it all to himself! It was sadly ludicrous to see them ply their sticks and crutches, and wretchedly maimed limbs, to gain the other window before him. They generally beat him in the race, and mostly turned the first wheel before he was under way (for the donkey did not spring into a gallop at once). But when he did get round, poor devils, they had little chance. What could they do with a man who was executing the tricks of the *manège* among their naked feet? Their greatest triumph was when a halfpenny was chucked upon the ground amongst them: then the infantry had it all to themselves; and the demoniacal expression of the lancer's face might have furnished a study for Michael Angelo. I trust Cruikshank will try him. When the mail drove off, it was instructive to see them congregate and compare notes. What concentrated scowls of hatred used to possess

the features of the unsuccessful candidates! and what a deal of imagination was shewn in their figurative curses! The lancer usually rode quietly away.

I know not whether any former scribbler has taken note of a class of beggars who are continually travelling about the country at the expense of the inhabitants, and are actually moved from place to place by them. These are helpless cripples deprived of the use of their limbs. They are usually placed in a sort of hand-barrow, or sometimes a small car, their own property, and carried from house to house; the inmates, after supplying them with a small quantity of food, carry them on to the next house, from whence they are forwarded to the next, and so on. In this way they traverse the country during their whole lives; the inmates of the house at which they may be left at night hospitably affording them the shelter of the roof, and carrying them forward at the earliest dawn. It would be curious to trace on a map the journeyings of one of these involuntary travellers.

What strange chances must befall a man in this his life-long pilgrimage! Sitting in a hand-barrow for forty, fifty, sixty years! and

carried east, west, north, or south, at the caprice of any one. What trials of temper, if he had any local predilections or antipathies—passing within sight of a wished-for spot and never reaching it! What a dashing of long-cherished hope by a single turn of his hand-barrow! Not to be a Smellfungus would argue him, in disposition, an angel of light. Then the helpless lingering in a spot he might from his soul detest: dodging for a week about Kilmacthomas, for instance, when his heart was set upon Dungarvon!

Take a single trial:—He has passed the bridge, and all goes well; he is on the long-desired road. Seated on his second or third dunghill he would seem to command success. Hurrah for "Jolly Dungarvon!"—there is no offstreet—no corner to turn—the road is straight and plain before him. How old thoughts and recollections come back upon him! Through the present fragrance he seems to recognise a whiff of the old town—"the ancient and fish-like smell" he was wont to inhale in infancy.

Make it more touching:—say he had an early love, or an aunt in imagined affluence, with a cabin in reversion, and a probable sedentary evening to his roving life. Every

potatoe is sweeter as he gets on. In unison with some happy chord within, his professional whine is getting out of the minor key, and is thrown out as a cheerful recitative. Hurrah! through dung, and pigs, and children he goes gloriously on—he almost topples off the mixen in his ecstasy, and cracks his joke when they set him down in the cesspool. Hurrah! hurrah! Every breeze is fresher as it blows over a dunghill the less—he is now positive as to the hake and poor John. He has reached the last house—the ultimate vertebra of the town's tail—it can't go wrong now—another move will do it!

Alas! he has overlooked a checkmate—he has, indeed, reckoned without his host.

"Why, sure, the next house is a mile beyant the hill! Sorrow fut I could take ye there at all! Try th' other side." Beggars must not be choosers, and up he goes from dunghill to dunghill for another week of the hated town, and then——! away, away, from Dungarvon—early love—affluent aunt and settling for life—dragging his lengthening chain eastwards, westwards, northwards—anywhere but where he wants, for perhaps the rest of his ricketty life.

Of all the beings on the earth's surface, these unhappy beggars are the most out of the world, though daily mixing with it. The most inveterate recluse would be more easily found. Let him settle in Japan, or Timbuctoo, or hug himself in fancied retirement with the lost colony in Greenland, Smith, or Jones, or Brown, would sooner or later ferret him out. But to catch such a wanderer as this is hopeless. The many-handed messengers of St. Martin's-le-Grand may clatter at all the doors of the empire for him in vain. He is alike beyond an *estaffette* or a *poste restante*. His whereabout would baffle Nadgett; and even Joseph Ady could tell him nothing to his advantage.

But the most curious exhibition of begging I ever saw,—in fact, the most extraordinary sight I ever witnessed,—was at the fair or "*pattern*" of Aghadoe, in the south of Ireland. I hardly know in what terms to describe it, such is the squeamishness of modern refinement; but surely that which was publicly exhibited by the roadside in a civilised country, cannot be unfit for the pure pages of this little volume. It was a woman, whose whole posterior person was the seat of some extraordinary disease—a

sort of elephantiasis, perhaps, for it was not unlike, though much rougher, than the appearance of the skin of patients afflicted with that complaint. It was, however, much more like the gnarled and tuberculous surface of one of those huge excrescences one sees on the trunk of an aged witchelm. It was a curious spectacle, and publicly shewn a little outside the town in a most conspicuous and public place. The *bénéficiaire* was in a kneeling posture, leaning with her elbows on a green bank by the road-side, attended by an exhibitor (a female) on one side, and on the other was a bowl to receive the contributions of the charitable. Some slight drapery covered the part, and this was slowly raised by the attendant to all passers-by. It was curious to stand a little apart and watch the effect this exhibition had upon the spectators. The educated classes, I grieve to say, were too apt to regard it as a ludicrous sight, and after dropping their gift in the bowl, to pass on with roars of laughter. Not so the peasantry; to their honour I must say that it was by no means considered by them in the light of a joke. They contemplated it in wonder and seriousness, and dropping their mite into the bowl, passed on whispering. Many of

them remained long looking at this most singular phenomenon; and one young and pretty girl seemed perfectly fascinated with the sight, and remained with eyes and mouth open, and hands uplifted, in a perfect ecstasy of amazement. What, however, rendered the thing particularly ludicrous to one who watched the proceedings was, that scarcely a single person passed without putting their hands to a corresponding part of their own persons, in order, apparently, to assure themselves by the sense of touch that they, at least, were all right behind. This may be thought to savour of the marvellous, but it is literally true, and can be vouched for by many credible witnesses. As only a few years have elapsed (it was in 1836), no doubt the curious in such matters may, by attending the pattern of Aghadoe, near Youghal (sometime in the summer), be witness of it yet.

Would such an exhibition answer in London? No doubt the spectator would make a fortune, unless, indeed, it were considered a fit subject for the interference of the police! In the mean time, should the public express any wish for a graphic representation of the above, I would beg to observe that there *is* a sketch

in existence, which may be brought out in a future edition.

The circumstance of the spectators in the above case assuring themselves by feeling of their own exemption from the dreadful malady exhibited to them, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred many years ago on my first visit to the Sister Island. It was on occasion of a ball being given by a certain distinguished regiment in one of the midland counties, at which myself and two friends intended to assist. We had about sixteen miles to go, and it was intended to start in time to reach the regimental mess at dinner-time. The journey was to be performed in a jaunting car hired for the occasion, and one of the party facetiously proposed, that with the view of giving an imposing appearance to our *entrée*, the car driver, honest Mick Molony, should be invested with a dress of honour for the nonce, instead of the grey frieze coat and shocking bad hat, usually adorned with a short-pipe in the band, which was his common wear. The idea was no sooner conceived than acted upon: a company of strolling-players were in the town, and a civil note was despatched to the

manager, making the project known, and requesting the loan of a servant's costume, such as would fit and show off the person of Mick, who carried the note himself. Of course it was expected that some old taffeta suit would have been the result—some well-worn stock-dress of universal application to serving-men, that had graced the persons of Diggorys and Dubbses and Jabels without end; and after "playing out its play" at the metropolitan theatre, had descended, in its old age, to the ambulatory wardrobe of Mr. Mac Guffin's company.

What, then, was the astonishment of the party when Michael returned with a magnificent court suit—on its last legs, certainly—but an undoubted, genuine court suit of the finest cloth, and most elaborate and beautiful workmanship! The coat and breeches were of the same cloth, the waistcoat was satin, handsomely embroidered about the pockets and button-holes, and was, altogether, a very curious and interesting costume. From its great age and the fineness of the workmanship and materials, I have little doubt of its having figured at the court of Louis le Grand, worn, perhaps, by the Duc de Roquelaure, or more

probably brought to this country by Count Anthony Hamilton, or De Grammont. It was really interesting to an antiquary. Accompanying this dress was a wig of the most extraordinary device. To say what species of wig it was, would, indeed, puzzle a conjurer. It was not a judge's wig, nor in fact had it any thing of a forensic air at all: neither was it a bob, or a Jerome, or a Parr, or a Johnson wig; but it was a sort of buzz enclosure for the head, not unlike a bee-hive, with a Gothic window in it just large enough to permit the central features of the face to peer out, but enveloping completely the ears, cheeks, and forehead.

But if the wig was extraordinary, the tail appended to it was so, at least, in an equal degree. It might have been, perhaps, fifteen inches long, and at the point of junction with the wig was fully the size of a man's wrist, from whence it became "fine by degrees and beautifully less," till it finished in a point like a marlin-spike, the end being adorned with a huge bunch of hair as large as a fist, curiously interwoven with ribands. To be affixed on the top of this wig was sent the smallest possible cocked-hat, turned up on three sides, the point in front being pitched well forward over

the forehead, and the upright back of the hat not extending further than the centre of the crown of the head.

Now, any thing more profoundly ridiculous than the angular features of Mick Molony looking out of the Gothic window of such a wig, surmounted with such a hat, and adorned with such a tail, cannot be conceived, arranged too as the rest of his person was in the De Grammont suit; and Mr. Manager Mac Guffin must have been an arch wag to have hit upon it. To our great surprise, Mick made no kind of objection to the costume: he saw nothing in it apparently to ridicule, and whether he was proud of it or not could not be seen. Whether he was one of those dry fellows who can enjoy a joke without laughing at it, I can't say, or whether he saw any joke at all, certain it is he arrayed himself promptly in the clothes. The wig seemed rather to strike him, for holding it aloft on his finger, and gently turning it round, he exclaimed gravely, but with a comic expression, "Bedad, that's a grate jazey!"

I shall not easily forget his appearance on entering the room to say that the car and himself were ready. Such a roar of laughter, I

will answer for it, never greeted the entrance of that costume before, from the days of De Grammont to those of Mac Guffin? but Mick was unmoved; he was anxious to be off for the day was declining, and he urged that the roads were bad. In fact, he seemed to forget the costume he was in, and thought only in his character of carman. It was very absurd to see this courtier of Louis Quatorze dancing round the car, arranging the luggage, fastening the harness, &c., with the huge tail bounding from shoulder to shoulder with his erratic movements. It required some little dexterity to fix the small three-cornered hat upon the bee-hive wig, and we were at last obliged to have recourse to small pieces of packthread to lash it down fore and aft: the wig itself was effectually secured with springs.

All things being adjusted, Mick took his seat on the small driver's seat in front, the coat being so arranged that the ample skirts came outside the iron frame, which they hid completely, and flowing down into the car and all round the box, gave him the appearance of sitting on the same level as ourselves, and being, consequently, of enormous size.

It is impossible to describe the wonder of

the country people: they were dumb with astonishment: they did not laugh, but stood staring and awe-struck. The tail seemed to strike them most, for scarcely a man passed who did not put his hand to the back of his head to feel if he had such an appendage himself. What tickled Mick Molony amazingly was the respect that was paid to him. All touched their hats, many took them off with a low bow, and the women courtesied.

"Och! murther," said Mick, "to see the bow Andy Poor give me! That bangs Banagher! Divle a scrape of a leg ever I got before—— Och! to see Kit Flannagan give me the courtesy, and she as grave as a sitting hin! Sure I'm surprised at it, for its aften she sees me! Faith, I believe Corny Falls tuk me for the judge going to hould the coort at Mullingar; and me, Mick Molony!—— I'm greatly changed with the jazey any how! Well! well! look at Biddy Whelan, 'most slipped up wid the fright!—and by me sowl, it's a purty good howlt of the floore she's got, too. Sure, it would be hard to catch her in saft ground: but it's the jazey that's done it!—— Och! Tar an' ouns! did you see Father Rafferty lift his hand to his hat! Well!

bad manners to me, but I desaved his rivirence!"

With a choice variety of such exclamations we reached our journey's end. That night came on one of the most destructive and awful hurricanes that has ever afflicted these countries. The barracks we were bound to were unroofed—houses were blown down, and the roads rendered impassable from fallen trees. As neither Mick Molony nor, I presume, any body else, ever appeared abroad in this quaint costume again, I have no doubt that in the minds of the superstitious country people honest Mick passes for the genius of the storm, kindly passing through the country to give warning of its approach.

In consequence of the gale, the ball could only partially come off on the day fixed; but it was proceeded with under happier auspices the next. And here I will mention, for the pleasure the recollection gives me, that on this occasion I did drink stronger and hotter punch—in greater quantities, and at a faster pace—than it has ever been my fortune to do before or since—nay, in any three months of my life.

When the ladies were fairly on their way

homewards, a large and extremely convivial party rallied round a gentleman—unanimously called to the chair—for the purpose of a slight and friendly finish of warm liquor. By some peculiarity in his organisation, this individual was endued with a miraculous capacity for boiling punch; and, such an imitative animal is man, his supporters seemed for the time to catch a portion of his superhuman powers. If asphalte had been in vogue, one might have fancied that his throat had been laid down by Claridge or Poloneeau; and some, not knowing the man, suspected that some such trick was played as Jack passed off upon the giant in the matter of the hasty-pudding. But no! his honesty was unimpeachable—Cæsar could not have wished his wife to be more unsuspected than our friend's integrity. He would have done the same in the dark.

Jug after jug came in, each holding a trifle of half a gallon or so—small, that the stuff might be hot and hot. No need to call for it, the manufacture went on perpetually, and the supply was in exact proportion to the demand. No sooner were the boiling portions poured out, than this fire-drinking president's was poured down, and,—

"Put in your glasses, gentlemen; I've another toast for you!" greeted our ears.

But this is a digression from Irish beggary —a subject which should not be concluded without some mention of,—

THE MENDICITY ASSOCIATION.

Until the Poor-law came into operation in Ireland, the Mendicity Association was the only institution for the relief of the destitute poor of the city of Dublin. It was supported by voluntary contribution, most of the principal inhabitants being yearly subscribers; and it was one of the few things in Ireland not subject to the influence of religious bigotry or party politics. It saved the lives of thousands annually, and hundreds were indebted to it for their daily bread. But the subscriptions were insufficient, and the daily papers of the capital teemed with the most imploring appeals to the benevolent.

To eke out the daily diet of the poor creatures, carts were sent round to the houses of the upper and middle classes, to collect such

fragments of broken victuals as in other countries find their way to the dogs or the dust-hole; and one can hardly reflect with an unmoved stomach upon the heterogeneous mass of substances—the sweepings of the kitchens of an Irish city—so gathered together. Fish, flesh, and fowl—raw and cooked, fresh and tainted—bones, puddings, potatoes, crusts, pastry, flaps, scraps, confectionary, and kitchen-stuff, all jumbled together in a cart, and dragged about through a sweltering summer-day, till the festering mass was shot down at evening before the squalid and famishing crowd in the yard of the Institution.

Will it be believed that human creatures in a civilized country were reduced to feed upon such a revolting farrago as this, till pretty deeply into the nineteenth century?

I have marked the cart and its contents often. Passing along a street near Mountjoy Square, I once saw brought out from an area the fragments of a roast fowl, the head, feet, and raw entrails of the same, some cold potatoes, the heads of herrings, and a large piece of mouldy custard-pudding: all of which, excepting the entrails, which the collector declined, were turned over amongst the mass

of filth, and the smeared dish handed back with thanks.

But if the collection was nasty, what shall we say of the distribution? Imagine its arrival among the poor creatures, their appetites whetted with a breakfast of thin gruel. Was it served out in shovelfulls, or emptied out in a mass before the famishing throng? What a study of faces there must have been as they gloated over the garbage, and scrambled and dived into it!

And all this was going on while the frequenters of Exeter Hall were collecting tens of thousands of pounds for the conversion of the Jews: and pious young ladies were toiling from house to house gathering pence for the education of the "poor African!"

Did they ever convert a Jew? Or, having converted him, did they on any single occasion retain their convert a moment longer than it was his palpable interest to profess a belief in Christianity?

But there was no excitement in simply relieving a mass of misery at our own doors. It was of too practical, and vulgar, and obvious utility to touch the far-reaching sympathies of Exeter Hall benevolence. The subject was not

sufficiently dramatic to suit the smug black-coated gentlemen on the platform. To introduce a ragged pensioner of the "Mendicity" with a plateful of his daily food would have brought the scented cambric to the noses, instead of to the eyes, of the fair audience: when the appearance of a strapping blackamoor — once Quashie Mumbo, a howling savage, now Thomas Wilberforce Smith, in sable surtout and snowy "choker," a sainted member of the mission—opened every purse and moistened every eye.

Could Irish eloquence compete with his?

"Once I bery bad man ("Poor thing!")—go quite naked. (Sensation.) Kill fader, moder, shild. ("How dreadful!") Fader, king Falaba, go fight Mandingo—roast de men—("Isn't it shocking!")—use de women bery bad—(sighs)—roast him shild—("How horrid!")—ven meet Mr. Smith, blessed Mr. Smith! him say, No roast shild—bery bad roast shild—("Dear Mr. Smith!")—good book say no roast shild. Co home Mrs. Smith, she give pair o' shoes, no roast shild—plenty pork, no roast shild. Mr. Smith give pair trousers, no roast shild—("How interesting!")—teachee me good book, no roast shild. Sing hymn Mrs. Smith, no roast shild.

Soon go back preachee oder Falaba no roast shild. No Falaba, no black man, never no more roast shild. ("Poor love!") Now den, no mo' palaba, all sing hymn fort-four long blessed Mr. Smith!"

The Poor-law has now happily alleviated some of the misery which, before its introduction, was forced upon one at every moment and in every place. Loathsome diseases, which in other countries are studiously kept out of sight, were, and still are in a less degree, in Ireland the stock-in-trade of the successful beggar, and exposed in loathsome publicity at every fair and race-course. The New Poor-law may, no doubt, be improved: but such as it is, it is an immense boon to Ireland.

THE DOG-FANCIER.

THERE is no place in Ireland where poverty is more conspicuous than in Cork, in the old town in the purlieus of the market. Can filth and misery go beyond this? Hundreds of people are to be seen, their persons barely covered with filthy rags, and the black mud squeezing up between their naked toes. This is the place for baths and wash-houses. London in its most miserable quarters can shew nothing like this. Our poor may starve, but they starve in comparative cleanliness. That part of Dublin called "The Liberties" is much the same. I had occasion once to visit a house in it somewhere between Thomas Street and St. Patrick's Cathedral. I had lost a dog, and it occurred to me that by putting myself in communication with the professional dog-

stealers who inhabit that locality, under pretence of purchasing, I might happily find my own again. I found that these persons were extremely averse to bring their stock for my inspection, but had no objection to my visiting their houses for that purpose: and many a "region dolorous" I explored in my adventures. One man was reported to live in so dangerous a neighbourhood that my servant, an Irishman, dissuaded me from venturing upon him. I should be robbed—perhaps stripped or eaten—possibly killed. "Why the polis themselves wouldn't go to it, barrin they had thirty together." This was likely enough, but reports are exaggerated, and I had passed through so many queer scenes with civility and the disbursement of a few coppers, that I was not to be put aside from my intention of trying every chance of success. I carried no bag of gold with me, and if destined to be stripped, I made arrangements for losing the worst suit in my wardrobe.

It is no easy matter to dress down to the level of the "Liberties" of Dublin: but such disguise as studiously concealed linen, a beard a day old, an out-at-elbow pea-jacket, and a tin hat conferred, rendered me, I thought, a safe passenger

even there. My dog-fancier was possessed of only one animal at that particular time, and in whose person I hoped to recognise my lost favourite, though it was impossible to gather any information of the nature of the beast from his description, excepting that the dog was the most wonderful ever known: a "great dog entirely" for every thing—never exceeded in swiftness or bottom: and as for backing and standing. "Faith, your ridgement might fire over him and he not stir, barrin ye riz the fowl."

Leaving the main street somewhere beyond Christchurch, we plunged down to the left, threading our way through streets and lanes, each more dirty and crowded than another, till we seemed approaching the heart and core of the wretched neighbourhood. The weather was moist and muggy, rendering clothing an unnecessary luxury, and accordingly it was more and more dispensed with as we left the main thoroughfare behind, and I began to think that we should ultimately arrive at an Eden of the most primitive simplicity—at least in costume.

I saw more children this day than in any twelvemonth in my life, and more suckling

mothers than during my whole existence. It was the afternoon, and the supper-time of the infants, and they at least had a hearty meal. The few females not engaged in this maternal duty were evidently destined to take a share in it at no distant period, if "coming events" might be guessed at from their foreshadowing. Girls of all ages, in excessive dishabille, were seated, with a fair sprinkling of boys leaning against the walls. "Boys" should be understood to mean men of all ages; Judge Moore having decided in my hearing, that in Ireland the word "Boy" has no reference to age. The mothers were mostly wedged together in groups, blocking up the doorways. The young children, unable to stand, and rolling happily about upon the ground, were absolutely in a state of nature; but, excepting these little smeared Cupids, all above the age of rollers —the toddlers and runners—had some kind of attempt at dress, but so slight in most instances, as to give them the appearance of having contracted a ragged network of cobwebs while groping round some dark and neglected room. But all looked healthy and happy, in spite of the fulsome nastiness of the place.

But we may take a lesson from these Irish children; they are never put upon their legs until Nature herself sets them going; no silly go-carts, or holding them up to stand, as our nursemaids are wont to do,—consequently, no bandy or crooked legs. The Irish are the straightest-limbed people in Europe. What cruel perversity has prevailed with regard to the management of children all over the world, and is even now far from exploded! It is no long time since we left off swaddling them. In Germany they are still packed up tight and immovable in a linen case, with only their heads out, which are not suffered to be washed for some years after birth, lest the water should loosen the sutures of the skull! At Aix-la-Chapelle they may be seen running about with little caps of dirt on their heads from this cause. Compare the straight limbs of an Irish labourer to those of our clod-hoppers, tightly encased in leather and high-laced boots. A more unhappy object than a farmhouse boy, just put into his new smalls at some fair, cannot well be seen. The leathers are sold in sizes, and the tightest fit is the cheapest. See him coming out of the slop-shop, after riding down the banisters to get

them up; mingled pain and pleasure in his features, and perhaps the additional agony of a new hat.

Leaving the narrow street, my ill-favoured guide suddenly turned into a court, which seemed the lowest sink of all the region. Here they were squatted and crawling all over the flags, and it was no easy matter to pick one's way amongst them. There were few unbroken windows in that court, and on a cursory view, one might have supposed that the people had denuded themselves to dress up the sashes. From some of the windows protruded sticks with waving flags of drying raiment, generally a woman's gown in its final state as a garment, and about to take its place by instalments in the windows as it dropped away in rags from the wearer. My friend lived in a two-pair back, where we arrived after much cursing of children, who occupied the whole staircase, and there rolled about in their own filth. Could any thing be found more revoltingly dirty than that common staircase? The rooms were bad enough—never washed, of course! but the stairs were evidently considered "out of doors" to all intents and purposes, and especially so re-

garded by the children. As all the doors were open, some singular interior views presented themselves as we slowly mounted. Of bedsteads there were few—of chairs and tables, very few: the sleeping-place was mostly indicated by a heap of rags in a corner. However numerous, or of whichever sex the individuals of each family were, it was evident that they all slept together. But there were no indications of mental misery—no cowering or brooding heart-broken in corners: on the contrary, a general hilarity prevailed; least, perhaps, amongst the old women who went maundering about, and who, I could see, were collecting at the doors, with a view to such small alms as they hoped to extract from me in my descent, "for the love an' honour o' God."

My guide's room was the best in the house; giving the lie, I fear, as far as worldly prosperity went, to the proverbial advantages of honesty. He had a bedstead, two low stools, and a table: a large iron pot, suspended over a turf fire, containing the potatoes for supper. In a corner, chained to a strong staple in the wall, was a large Russian pointer, which I instantly saw was none of mine. He had

clearly seen better days, and had the discernment to know a gentleman, though disguised in a tin hat and out-at-elbow coat. The poor fellow seemed to recognise in me a deliverer of the class with whom he had passed his life, and bounded towards me, nearly to the breaking of his chain. Fond visions of a change from potato-skins to greaves and stir-about, were probably passing through his mind; and the luxurious remembrance of bones was, happily, excited.

"Will ye have him, sir?"

"Not I: he is not the kind of dog I want." (His tail fell; he saw the unfavourable expression.)

"Sure he's a great dog." (He was, indeed.) "Divle a better in Ireland."

"Will he set snipes?"

"Faith he will: you may let him alone for setting. Oncet he sets, divle a much ye'll move him. He's chape at thirty shillings!"

"Dog cheap (the tail began to move again), but I wouldn't give you ten for a rough brute like that. Why, he's neither pointer nor spaniel, but a cross between a sheep-dog and a donkey. I wouldn't have him at a gift." (He was a real Russian.)

"Well, will yer honour give me the ten shillings itself? There isn't a betther in Ireland than himself." (He believed him to be utterly worthless.)

Some haggling took place, during which the dog stood trembling to the last joint of his tail. I finally agreed to give the ten shillings. There was no occasion to lead him: he knew that he had changed masters; and in his hurry to get away from the potato-skins, nearly dragged the man down stairs. In an unlucky moment I gave a few halfpence, and suddenly the whole population rose upon me. Mothers, children, boys, and old women crowded round, and blocked up the way with their squalid persons. The men looked sulkily on. Every moment the crowd thickened; and I could see them pouring down the stairs, and out of every door, into the court. Meantime, the Russian got loose, and increased the confusion. I had only one way to extricate myself. Taking all the remaining coppers in my hand, I ostentatiously mixed with them a few silver coins.

"Now, boys, for a scramble; are you ready?"

"Divle a fear of it! This way, sir: give it us here, yer honour; it's we that are the

poor crethurs. Go 'long, ye blackguards! it isn't for the like o' you to take the bread out o' the poor widdy's mouth. Don't ye be thrusting me now, or I'll brake yer face. Lave it with us, sir; that's the chat," &c. And while the contending candidates were pushing each other violently about, as they thought by my motions they could guess the direction of the cast, I threw the money to the far end of the court, whither rushed the whole mass, fighting, tearing, screaming, and, finally, rolling in a confused heap upon the ground; a few bare legs, arms, and heads appearing violently agitated above the surface. Making a sign to my new purchase, I bolted out of the place, the screams and curses of the scramblers ringing in my ears till I nearly reached the upper air of Thomas Street, having gained a stolen dog and an extended experience of Irish poverty.

Parliamentary commissioners do not, I apprehend, visit such scenes as these; they may venture down the narrow streets—may even penetrate to the court's mouth, amongst the suckling and teeming mothers. Perhaps one, more adventurous than the rest, may look into the court itself; but I think I may venture to

say, that not one would ascend to the two-pair back of my friend the dog-fancier. Nor would it indeed be necessary; for abundant evidence of the poverty of the land would be found far short of it.

DUBLIN CARMEN.

THE Dublin carmen deserve a few words. As Cork is celebrated for its cads, so is Dublin for its carmen: they are decidedly at the head of their profession. The cars, too, are of the old-fashioned sort, unmixed with the affected improvements of flies as at Cork. A Cork fly is highly dangerous, top-heavy, and frequently upsetting on the hill; but no man ever heard of an accident happening to an outside jaunting car, or rather to the riders upon it. The horse may fall—the wheel may come off, but you are only where you were; there is no upsetting: all this I have proved. I have also proved what it is to be upset in a covered car, and been on the under-side. If a wheel come off you are gone. What an indifferent protection is the canvass head to save the

human one from a rude contact with the ground! What an unequal fight you have in the scramble with those who are pitched upon you, who, in their hurry to escape, tread without ceremony on your face, put a foot in your mouth, or dig your eye out with the heel of a boot in effecting that object! Why, I have had a gross and agitated old lady walking for minutes on my countenance, and vaulting now and then from the bridge of my nose in a vain effort to quit the fallen vehicle. It is dreadful to think of!

But nothing of this can occur in an outside car. There all is fair and above-board. Not that I should much covet to go through the city of London, about three o'clock in the afternoon, in one of these, my favourite vehicles. To find one's self between two racing omnibuses coming down Ludgate Hill, at ten miles an hour, would be a sorry lounge; but, most happily, in Dublin they are as yet exempt from such dangerous conveniences. This is one reason why I like the retired virtues of that quiet city. No eternal cry of "Benk? Benk? Elephant? Oxford Street? Bake' Street? Pic'dilly?" Nothing of this: no contention of vindictive and unfigurative

slang between rival conductors, and the equally great ruffians on the box; but a quiet "Car, yer honour?" occasionally greeting your ear.

There is great capacity for fun among the Dublin carmen. Let any man pay attention to those at the Bloody Bridge stand, near the Royal Barracks, and see how felicitously the peculiarities of any remarkable individual of the garrison are hit off as he passes them: and this not offensively, and decidedly not to his face; for as he comes up they hail the wished-for customer with the most attentive civility, but being passed, there is no occasion to spare him. There is a marked difference in the expression of the faces before him and those behind. No note is taken of his long nose or the size of his boots as he advances, but the one is happily shewn off in some appropriate grimace when the back is turned, and the other alluded to, perhaps, more directly in words. "Blood an' ouns, look at his bo-o-o-ots!" was the never-failing exclamation whenever a certain jolly doctor passed them; who, sensibly eschewing the risk of corns and bunions, was wont to luxuriate in a loose and easy high-low. Another individual, who, from being a countryman and

well-known, was familiarly called "Dinnis," or still more familiarly, "Ould Spalpy," from a trick he had of singing "*Di tanti palpiti*," in his way down the Quay. was usually received in this way:—

(*Aside.*) "Here comes Dinnis, bedad!"

"Car, your honor? Good horse, sir!" (Lifting up his whip.)

"Will you have one, your honor?" (Rising up and stretching out his arms like St. Paul preaching at Athens.)

"Will you have one, captain?" (Jumping down and running after him.)

It was no go. Returning and taking his seat quietly,

"Divle a one for ould Spalpy to-day."

It was rich to hear them imitate the affected accent of some English ensign, who talked of "cigāās, and brandy and watāā." What a fine expression of comic humour on their features, as they echoed the word "cigāās," with something of the intonation of a dying wild goose, and the widest developement of their Milesian mouths! And when a young lady came to the stand towards evening,—

"Covered car, there."

"Here you are, ma'am!"

"This is it, my lady."

"Sure I'm first, you blackguard!"

"Wasn't I first, my lady?"

"Where to, ma'am?"

"Palatine Square, letter D."

"Whew-w-w!"

The gentle whistle he gave, and the comic look at the others as he drove off, were droll in the extreme. There is really no impertinence in all this: and I pity the man who cannot quietly join in the laugh at such an innocent exhibition of his peculiarities. How different is the dogged ruffianism of the London cabman! His whole life is a course of extortion: he knows it, and defies you. The victim also knows it and submits, rather than be slanged in the street, or, what is worse, attend twice at a police-office.

Not that I mean to say that a Dublin car is preferable to a London cab; far from it—particularly the "Hansom"—the very top and ultimate perfection of all street conveyances. I speak only of the drivers.

Ireland has this peculiarity, that there are no waggons of any description, neither are there any vans for the conveyance of goods: the whole road traffic, as well as the agri-

cultural business, is performed in cars, each drawn by one horse. Goods are sent from one end of the kingdom to the other on these conveyances, which, though slow, are safe. I never yet heard of a car being robbed on the road, which is saying a great deal for the poorest country in Europe. The baggage of troops is conveyed upon these one-horse cars, and is never unloaded from one end of the kingdom to the other, the same horses, cars, and men going throughout the march. Those who have marched with troops in Ireland know now to appreciate an advantage which spares the perpetual knocking about of boxes, and saves the toil of packing and unpacking the baggage every day, as in England. What endless bickering and quarrelling attends the transport of baggage here! The pressing the waggons, the enormous piles of chests to be loaded each morning, and unloaded by tired men after the day's march! The sulky drivers, forced to go against their will, and the perpetual appeals to magistrates and constables.

HORSES.

IRELAND is the hell of horses: not only are they harder worked and worse fed than in any other country, but treated with more wanton barbarity. To say nothing of the jaunting cars, which nominally carry six besides the driver, and are, in fact, unlimited as to numbers, but the posters and stage-coach horses are the worst-conditioned cattle in Europe. The Irish horse is naturally a most enduring and serviceable animal, superior as a hack to the English breed. Excepting the mail horses, the best on the road are those in Bianconi's cars. The establishment of this enterprising Italian originally commenced at Clonmel, but is now extending over nearly the whole of the south and south-west of Ireland. It is an admirable adaptation of the national

carriage to the purposes of quick and convenient transit, and the spirited enterprise is understood to have been productive of great and merited profit. The old Irish slow coach is a very cruel affair. I never saw horses endure the whip, and endure it with apparent indifference, like the rough-coated cattle in the Carlow coach. It was either flanking or double-thonging from beginning to end of the journey. According to the coachman they were "Skamers," the inference being that they took the punishment with affected indifference, to convince him of its absurdity and uselessness. Being a wag and addicted to figurative language, he called it "putting the flax into them" (he might have added, the leather and the stick), and had his jokes about the comparative merits of Riga hemp and the national plant. No man living could be a better judge of the enduring qualities of whip-cord than he.

Did the reader ever see the Drogheda car start from some obscure street to the north of Newgate goal? A similar exhibition may be found in many another place in the country. What an expressively absurd, and at the same time highly national exhibition, irresistibly

ludicrous in spite of the apparent and shocking cruelty! but the full amount of cruelty could only be conceived by those who had visited the stables and seen the horses with their collars off. To describe this would make the reader sick; suffice it to say, that every sort of "*raw*" was there, from the recent and superficial to the deep-seated ulcer, eating daily inward to the heart. Neither were the poor creatures let alone when in the stable, but some devil's composition was applied to their sores which drove them frantic, to the infinite amusement of the thoughtless and brutal horsekeepers. There was no hope of release for these poor creatures, except by death, for they were all worked to death. There was no lower deep beyond this lowest deep of the Drogheda stables. Purchased for a few pounds, or perhaps shillings, their capability of endurance for a remunerating period was most accurately calculated, and they were "used up" as a matter of course. I am speaking of 1839, and no doubt the same system is going on in hundreds of other places, though I trust the railway has taken the cruelty-vans off this particular line of road.

But the start! it was the great daily event

of the neighbourhood, and never failed of a numerous audience. In truth, to those not in the secret, the event was comic in the extreme. No sooner were the two horses attached to the lumbering half-inside, half-outside car, than you could tell, from the excited faces of the crowd, that some fun was expected. The coachman shook his arms free and gathered himself up for an effort. Tim placed himself on one side of them with the broom, and Larry on the other, with a short stumpy horsewhip, worn away in the service. The fat unshaved tallow-chandler opposite came with a look of interest to his door, and even the book-keeper of the coach-office put his pen behind his ear, and indulged in a grim smile. Pat and Mike arranged themselves at one hind-wheel, and Jem and Dennis at the other, while the whole army of cads opened their faces to an extent that, had their heads been inclined backward, would have made you apprehensive that all above the mouth might have fallen off, like the lid of a fiddle-case. There was only one class of persons unobservant of the fun—the beggars, who steadily kept repeating their dismal cases at the coach-window.

When all was packed, passengers and baggage, and more passengers on the baggage, the book-keeper would look at his watch:

"Are you right, Mahony?"

"We are, sir."

"Then let 'em go."

It was a nicety indeed. Poor devils, they no sooner felt the collar, than throwing themselves backwards on their haunches and planting their fore legs firmly out, they looked the picture of absolute despair. Then began a belabouring with the long whip and the short whip, and the broom-handle, and the sticks and feet and fists of the bystanders, and a screaming of "Hup, hup, get out of that!" (happy, indeed, if they could,) "go long wid ye! Ah, ye skamer! we'll have to light the fire under 'em," and the like; while Pat and Mike, and Jem and Denuis, assisted by many others, were trying to move round the wheels and force the car along. Ever and anon, the poor creatures would try the collar again, and then fall back with shaking heads into the resolute position, till at last, finding the agony of standing still greater than the pain of moving on, would make a few wild plunges and start at a gallop, followed by the yells and shouts of the

bystanders, and with the running accompaniment of the short whip and the broom-handle as long as Tim and Larry could keep up. As for the coachman, he lashed away without ceasing till they were clear of the town, for fear of a relapse. During the month that I spent at Ashbourne, no week passed without at least one horse dying either on the road or in the stables.

On witnessing such scenes, one would almost wish that the story of the Yahoos and Houyhnms, were not a fable.

PRIESTS: CATHOLIC AND OTHERS.

A PROTESTANT will find it difficult to believe the degree of slavish reverence which is paid by the inferior Irish Catholic Clergy to those of high rank in their church. Whether such is the case in other countries I am not in a condition to say, but I was a witness of it in Ireland.

At the house of a gentleman with whom I was intimate, and who, though a Protestant, was equally respected by all sects and classes, there was staying a Roman Catholic Bishop. This gentleman, whom I met more than once, was one of the most agreeable, as well as gentlemanlike persons I ever encountered: indeed, it is enough to say, that he was a well-educated Irish gentleman of the old school, who had resided much abroad. Many of my

readers must have had the good fortune to meet such a person, and will at once understand the kind of man he was. His Irish assurance making him a perfect master of all the polite observances of life; his native humour sharpened by collision with the world, his buoyant animal spirits chastened into the happiest tone by a long admixture with the best society, and his thorough good-nature breaking out, as it were, in spite of the restraints of modern conventionalities. There was no ascetic nonsense about him; indeed, a pleasanter companion, even on a fast day, I never met; no downcast looks, half sly, half sheepish, which characterise the Irish priest of these days. Neither had he the blue and congested look which marks their complexions, and which I never see without feeling my benevolence moved to recommend them a prescription, if I thought there would be a chance of their taking it at my hands. My *gaillard*, of a bishop had nothing of all this, though I believe him to have been at least as good a man as those who have.

To wait upon his lordship, of course came the whole neighbouring clergy, and at their first presentation it was their "hint" to fall upon

their knees and ask his blessing. Young and old, fat and slender, threw themselves on their marrow-bones before their spiritual superior, and humbled themselves in the dust before a man. Is this seemly? and what greater personal homage can they pay to the Deity? We certainly bow the knee to kings, but we don't, even to them, prostrate ourselves, in grovelling abasement, as these men did.

Whether the bishop, a gentleman and a man of the world, did not feel a little ashamed of all this before Protestants, is not for me to say; but he was uncommonly active in picking them up before they fell, and after awhile received them in a separate room.

But the Romish priest is, as regards a sojourner in the land, inoffensive. I wish I could say as much for his evangelical brother, vulgarly called a Swaddler; we have not, happily, any parallel to him on this side the Channel. A more conceited and obtrusively offensive person, taken as a class, than he is, I know not. An evangelical hyena, who passes his whole life in restless and untameable efforts to find holes and flaws which he may tear open wider and wider, and as blind as his caged-up prototype.

An example or two. I was travelling with some friends in a public boat on the Grand Canal, and the conversation was carried on amongst us in a group at one end of the table. At the other end, and having several persons between him and us, was a gentleman in black; his throat tightly compressed with white muslin, and reading, no doubt, a religious book. Our conversation was, I will venture to affirm, any thing but profane, though a strong expression, remnant of those dissolute times when "Our armies swore so terribly in Flanders," might have escaped us. Suddenly the reverend gentleman started to his feet, and addressed to us an angry remonstrance upon using language grossly offensive to his pure ears, and hoped it would not be repeated. We, of course, regretted the circumstance, and resumed the conversation with caution and good heed, while our friend, any thing but satisfied, with pale face and quivering lip, read savagely on.

Alas for our good intentions! In a moment of impatience, one of our party regretted that he had been induced to take his passage in "such a devilish slow coach," when up started the reverend gentleman more fiercely than

before—he could not surely have been on the watch, and

"Nursing his wrath to keep it warm?"

said that it was impossible he could endure such language, and, in fact, should be obliged to go on deck. One of the party, who had scarcely spoken, and certainly not sworn before, I regret should have so far forgotten himself as to say, "Then go, and be d——;" advice that was promptly taken, and where he remained, impatiently pacing over our heads for the rest of the voyage. No doubt, as he ground the heel of his holy high-low into the planks, he congratulated himself that he was not as other men are—violent, acrimonious, uncharitable; or even as these reprobates below.

O short-sighted Swaddler! is this the way to deal with people? Was ever man led away from evil by such a course as this? Is this the example handed down to you from the Fountain Head? Have you read, without profiting, of that excellent gift of charity, and the strong condemnation of a too-hasty judgment? And do you remember by whom it was said, "They know not what they do?" A mild reproof,

delivered in gentlemanlike language, would have won our respect; saved us one hearty and wickedly expressed oath, and perhaps acted as a check upon us in future: we should have parted with mutual good will, and you would have been spared a long walk in the rain; which, so effectually did you stir up the "offending Adam" in us, we rejoiced at exceedingly.

Another example. Sitting in my quarters, in a small temporary village barrack, a gentleman was announced, whose name and person were equally unknown to me. He was not so peppery as the last specimen, but more of the sour variety—a vinegar-faced fellow—and had come to lecture me on the impropriety of not attending regularly a place of worship, and taking occasion, in pursuance of this theme, to notice, cursorily, my other peccadilloes.

Above all preface or apology, he plunged at once into the subject, and harangued in so bitter, and, as it seemed to me, so uncalled-for a style, that carnal thoughts of throwing him out of the window more than once arose in my mind. I beat them down, however, and sat silently and patiently on. It is best to meet an acid fellow like this with the alkali of

excessive politeness; he will most likely effervesce and go off in a huff. So, inclining my head to an attentive angle, I resolved to wait for a pause, and then put in execution a little plan which occurred to me. Whether my friend suspected some civil design upon him, or that it was his system of tactics to pour in such a cannonade as would effectually level all argument or opposition, and then walk unopposed over the breach he had made, it were needless to guess; but I began to think he never would have done. If I had been disposed to criticise his harangue as a composition—supposing me on sufficiently intimate terms to justify the freedom—I might, perhaps, have ejaculated, "Mind your stops!" for any thing longer than a comma, or at most a semicolon, he did not trust himself to indulge in: and when fatigue or impatience caused me to assume the slightest change of position, he quickened his pace, and poured in the stream without any perceptible pause. Good Lord! how he laid open, and then causticked, my little irregularities!—little I thought them before, but now held up and magnified till they were frightful to contemplate. I could scarcely forbear interrupting

him with some such penitent exclamation as, "Dear sir, I feel myself a rascal—don't spare me—scarify! scarify!" But there was no occasion: he had fully made up his mind both as to the case and the treatment, and required neither confession nor exhortation. I believe, however, that a groan must have escaped me, for he became almost cheerful as he probed and dug into my tender places. If the mention of a talking automaton had ever reached my ears, I might, perhaps, have been driven to despair by fancying that the wicked proprietor, after winding up the eight-day engine, and charging it with the concentrated bitterness of all the Calvinists, had thrust it in upon me, and fastening the door, there left it to talk me to death. But at length a huskiness was perceptible—nature was giving in. I felt that a pause was coming, and judged its advent to a moment. Suddenly producing a bottle and glass from the cupboard close at hand, I said, with a bland smile,—

"Won't you take a glass of brown sherry before you begin again?"

"PHOOF!!"

The reader has perhaps seen a chestnut jump out of a shovel. In much the same

style did this reverend person leave my small apartment. . . .

Now, although I had my hand upon the cupboard door, and kept myself in readiness to pop the bottle and glass under his nose at the appropriate moment, yet his argument was not lost upon me. It went to prove that, let a man's life be ever so blameless—not that he went any length at all towards conceding such a point to me—unless he punctually attended public worship, it was of no avail. If he were not already bad, he would become so—he would go from bad to worse—he was a lost man—he would infallibly be damned. This, in an abridged form, is what he said. He was not a man to wrap up his meaning in mysterious phrases; he drove the naked nail home and clenched it, and was pleased if it rankled and festered in the wound. I am sorry to say that such of his sect as I have encountered used the same arguments, and the same manner of enforcing them.

Good Heavens! is it for one of ourselves to lay down such a doctrine? Has any man, in virtue of a black coat and white neckcloth—and say a blameless life, if you will—has such a one a right to judge us before our time? Is it

right to assume the attribute of Him to whom all hearts are open, and decide upon our guilt or innocence? Did it never occur to him that the Founder of our faith went up into the mountain to pray, and into the temple to cast out thieves? Is there no devotion of the heart unless we are enclosed in bricks and mortar? No prayer without a hassock? Cannot the spirit be humbled before the Great Being when we are surrounded by His works? and are tiles and rafters more appropriate to worship than

"This majestical roof fretted with golden fire?"

It is a pity that these gentlemen should remain in ignorance of the fact, that people are more easily led than driven along the narrow path; that there is a natural disinclination to have even good things forced upon us; and that, however beautiful the naked truth may be, its charms are rendered more attractive by a slight drapery of tact.

Far be it from me to decry the expediency and necessity of public worship; but I may be permitted to say, that my devotional feelings are little encouraged by contemplating the majority of our congregations, especially

those holding the same opinions as my sour friend. There is too much indifference in the one sex, and far too much pretty-bonnetry in the other; and the feeling is most deadened in our fashionable chapels, where affectation and coxcombry are too often disgustingly pampered and puffed up, and where so many upturned faces betray the expression of "Dear man! I wonder if he ever wears the slippers I worked for him!"

No: a glance through Ehrenberg's microscope, or a sweep of the heavens with Lord Rosse's leviathan glass, would produce more religious feeling in me, make me more happy as a man, more charitable to my fellow-creatures, and more humbly devout, than all the preachings of all the Puritans, if they were concentrated upon me in a perpetual fire for every remaining moment of my natural life.

AN IRISH STEW

In the western part of the King's County there is a tract of land called the Barony of Ballycowen. It is not exactly what a tourist would call picturesque, seeing that a great portion of it is bog, nearly all flat, except some low, bleak hills; and it is almost destitute of trees. Here and there, certainly, the humble residence of a small proprietor, or first-class farmer, is partly enclosed on the northern side by an amphitheatre of unhealthy firs, something in the fashion of a Dutch oven; but, upon the whole, it is a rough and scrubby country. The most marked feature about it is an occasional lofty square tower of former times, the stronghold of some intrusive proprietor settled down among the native Irishrie. These towers are of beautiful masonry,

and the walls in good preservation. The fine grey limestone of which they are built has been most carefully cut and fitted; and, in some instances, the arms of the proprietor are finely carved above the doorway, together with various ornaments over doors and windows. In some instances there are dates: those I have seen are of the early part of the 17th century.

In the midst of this bleak country is a tract of flat, marshy land, nearly covered with low, scrubby bushes, and through which a deep and winding river creeps sluggishly along. This place abounded with wildfowl, and the facility of approaching them under cover of the low scrubs, frequently tempted to the place the individual who is the subject of the present little history.

It was drawing towards evening one bitter day in December, and our sportsman had turned his face homewards, after a long and pretty successful day's sport, when he perceived at some distance a black patch of ducks within reach of a clump of bushes, under cover of which it seemed practicable to approach within easy shot. The river had overflowed, and nearly the whole plain was

under water; though, for the most part, only to the depth of a few inches. Moving gently through the tangled scrubs, the sportsman had nearly reached the clump behind which the fowl were pitched, and there only remained a small space of open water to wade through before his two barrels were to carry death and confusion amongst their ranks. It had set in sharply to freeze as the day was closing, and a thin coat of ice had formed, which rendered caution necessary, to prevent the noise of his approach being heard. Gently breaking the crust, he insinuated one foot, and put it down, in the full confidence of meeting with firm footing, when, behold! instead of this, he plunged head-over-heels into the river, which, in its meanderings, had taken a turn much nearer him than he expected. How he contrived to scramble out without losing his gun is a wonder; but he did so in time to hear the sonorous host rising within fifty yards, and, seemingly, with a triumphant cackle at his misadventure.

All further sport was, of course, over for that day; and the duck-shooter made the best of his way towards *terra firma*, the pockets of his shooting-jacket distended with water on either

side, like the well-filled pig-skins of a Spanish wine-carrier. To get rid of this incumbrance, he was fain to take off the coat when within a few yards of the road; and, while in this state, was absolutely forced to stamp and dance about to prevent becoming quite benumbed and helpless,—such was the extremity of the cold.

Whilst engaged in this way, the face of an elderly man might be seen peering through the bushes that bordered the road, and silently, but with some interest, regarding his gambols, and indulging in a smile at witnessing his incomprehensible antics.

Hailing the old man, the shooter urged him, as well as his chattering teeth would permit, to assist in wringing the wet coat, and explained the nature of the predicament in which he unhappily found himself. The honest farmer entered warmly into the case, and urged the shivering sportsman to go home with him, that at least some of his wet clothes might be dried before encountering a walk of six or seven Irish miles in wet and half-frozen garments: an undertaking which, he urged, would be not only ill-advised, but impossible, from the increasing frost. He further tempted the shooter

with an offer to be his guide at daybreak to some unfrozen parts of the river, which he knew well would be, after such a night, the resort of countless wildfowl, then much more accessible; and he wound up his friendly offer by volunteering to despatch a gossoon, his own son, to the sportsman's quarters for a fresh stock of ammunition and clothing, engaging that the boy should return in four hours at furthest.

Mr. Geoghegan's arguments prevailed, and the more readily as the few steps made in his company convinced the shooter how absurd it would be to attempt such a walk as that before him in a pair of trousers, already frozen nearly as stiff as the wooden legs at a hosier's door; so they set out at a round pace for the farmer's residence.

The old man laughed heartily at the circumstance of the meeting.

"Well, thin," said he, "I couldn't think what ye were afther at all. 'The divle resave me,' says I to myself, when I seen ye prancing, 'but that's a quare fellow!' It's aften I heered of whistling jigs to a milestone, but sorrow bit of me ever heered tell of a man

dancing jigs in the wather without his coat, and it hailing. Faith, it's little I thought yer honour was dancing mad with the cowld."

They soon reached the house, an unpretending edifice of mud and turf, but superior to the general run of cabins, as being thatched with straw instead of sods and grass, and so betokening the residence of what the Irish newspapers would call a "comfortable farmer." There were also two or three outbuildings, but of very humble pretensions indeed; and the pig had a tenement to himself near the door, which he used, apparently, only as a sleeping-apartment, or occasional boudoir, preferring to bestow the greater portion of his leisure upon the family in the house. Poor fellow! he was in happy ignorance of the coming rent-day: perhaps the near approach of this anniversary might have accounted for the favour with which he was treated, his fat and jovial condition, and the indulgence extended to his little whims. But, in spite of all entreaty and remonstrance, they turned him out of doors on the sportsman's entrance, though the expulsion was not effected without a great many hard words in Irish, and the cuffs and pushings of the whole family. In vain did the stranger

protest that he desired to be made no stranger of—that he wanted to take pot-luck with the pig: it was of no avail; out he must go. It is so invariably; they disown their old chum as we cut a seedy friend when a grand acquaintance comes up: it is the way of this bad world. At once they all rise upon him as if he was an intruder;—"Go 'long out o' this!" "What the divle brings ye here?"—as if he ever was any where else!—they open upon him in full cry; and even the toddling children, who have been at bed and board with him all their lives, give him a dig in his fat ribs as he passes.

But Nature has armed him for passive resistance: he has nothing about him to lay hold of—his ears are out of the way, and his tail is a mere trinket, affording the assailant little or no help in the scuffle. Besides, he has a voice that few nerves can stand. He is, moreover, the father of artful dodges: to shew him the door is a fruitless courtesy: into the bedroom he will go with pleasure, or to the closet, or under the table, or to the dresser; but he has no eye for the doorway, neither can his snout be steered for it by any combination of ingenuity.

In this instance he did not belie his race;

but the allies were too many for him, so, making up his mind for a dash, he charged under the table and between Miss Geoghegan's legs, — taking both defiles gallantly — and effected his retreat, leaving the young lady in an unseemly posture on the floor.

Retiring into an inner apartment, occupied as a sleeping-room by the master and mistress, two grown-up daughters and the gossoon, the shooter put off his wet attire, and came forth in a complete suit of Mr. Geoghegan's, consisting of a clean, homespun shirt, coat and waistcoat of gray frieze, corduroy breeches, long worsted stockings, and shoes: the sleeves of the coat not approaching the stranger's hands by four inches, nor the waistcoat the breeches by at least six.

Such is the natural good-breeding of the Irish peasantry; that not one of the family would have betrayed a smile at his absurd appearance, had he not afforded them a pretext by leading Miss Katty to the "floore" and attempting a jig.

Let me in this place say, that I have never met with, in any country, more natural politeness than amongst the Irish peasantry; and this opinion is formed after traversing many

countries of Europe. Though as inquisitive as any people on the face of the earth, they never, as far as my experience extends, offend a stranger by an impertinent intrusion into his affairs. For this most offensive form of ill-breeding I should say that, next to the Americans, the lower orders of Welsh are pre-eminent.

This is a digression from Mr. Geoghegan's fireside, where the turf was piled up profusely, a duck stewing for the sportsman's supper, and a pot of potatoes boiling for his individual use, which would have sufficed for the dinners of half-a-dozen English families. There was, besides, new bread, sweet buttermilk, and fresh butter, to say nothing of a bowl of eggs—such eggs as one never eats out of Ireland, creamy, genuine new-laid, ready to be put to roast in the ashes, and make their appearance on the board when the duck-bones should be carried away.

Never boil your eggs, at least, if you can get them roasted: but as this is an operation requiring proverbially an exercise of superior judgment, besides turf or wood-ashes, the luxury is not always attainable. The great secret I take to be in breaking the egg-shell

slightly at one end before putting it in the ashes, which should not be very hot. Notwithstanding the Frenchman's boast of his five hundred ways "*d'accommoder les œufs*," he has nothing equal to the accommodation of plain roasting.

In addition to the good things above enumerated, there was a certain black bottle brought from a chest, containing a liquor, which, though produced by the humblest means, I defy the distillers, with all their appliances and means to boot, to rival.

Dinner over, the sportsman prevailed upon the two young women, both under twenty, to favour the company with a jig, which they performed in the serious and demure way usual on such occasions, keeping the arms and body perfectly still, and moving only the feet, which, be it said, were in all their native naked beauty. Madame Melnotte might, perhaps, have been puzzled to find in her magazine a fit for four such feet, but it would have puzzled her equally to match the brilliant black eyes, faultless complexions, or well-rounded, though somewhat robust, forms of the host's fair daughters.

As the evening wore away, the family be-

came anxious for the return of the gossoon, Jody, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, with the clothing and ammunition he had been despatched for. He had already overstayed the time allowed him by at least an hour, and the night had set in with great severity. It froze intensely, and the wind brought a rattling shower of sleet against the small windows of one pane each, with three of which the house was provided. With an unlimited supply of turf, however, and sundry jugs of a reeking and most grateful compound, of which the sportsman persuaded all the family to partake, they contrived to set the cold at defiance. Eleven o'clock came, and the propriety of retiring to rest was debated, but the night arrangements were not easily made. Old Geoghegan insisted upon his daughters giving up their bed to the guest, consigning them, for that night only, to the *kish*,—a large oblong basket, commonly placed upon the rude country car, and used in bringing turf from the bog.

"Anyhow," said Mr. Geoghegan, "Katty can roost in the kish, and Bess will come with huz. Sure, what does it matter where the likes of them sleeps? And Jody, the crathur, he'll stop by the fire, and glad enough too."

But here the stranger interposed, and claimed the neighbourhood of the fire for himself, with a shake-down of straw from the outhouse; an arrangement ultimately agreed to, though not without much opposition.

When twelve o'clock came, the whole family were really alarmed about the boy, and many whisperings in Irish took place; though to the guest they affected to make light of the matter. The quick ears of the young women at last caught a distant sound, and almost immediately after a hurried step was heard approaching, the door was violently burst open, and the boy Jody rushed, almost breathless and in the utmost excitement, into the room. Without speaking a word, he commenced in a hurried manner to make fast the door with a large bar of wood, and then pushing his way through to the fireplace, began kicking about the lighted turf on all sides, rapidly talking in Irish all the time.

An exclamation of grief and dismay was raised at once by the whole family, and in a moment all was hurry and confusion. The father and mother, who wore shoes, busily aided the boy in his frantic efforts to stamp

out the fire, calling upon the rest to help them.

Although quite in the dark as to their proceedings, and marvelling much what on earth could be the meaning of such extraordinary conduct, the sportsman saw that they were in earnest, and that some pressing and immediate necessity existed for doing as they told him; so, setting to work with a good will, he threw himself at once into the action and the fire,—the more readily, perhaps, as he wore another man's shoes and stockings,—and danced and stamped about with the best of them. They had warm work of it, for the turf had been heaped up to the height of a couple of feet. and was in a red glow throughout; but they pounded away like people possessed, and sent a shower of sparks through the room. Neither could our sportsman restrain his sense of the ludicrous at seeing a whole family prancing about in the fire and smoke without any apparent aim or object; and especially when his own football practice sent the fiery turf into all corners of the house, eliciting unwonted agility from the two bare-footed girls, who vaulted and capered, and straddled to avoid the blazing

missiles. At length one of them put a finishing touch to the confusion by sousing a pail of water amongst the feet of the dancers, and almost suffocated the whole party with smoke and steam.

However astonishing to Mr. Geoghegan may have been the sportsman's original jig in the hailstorm without his coat, yet this demon-dance in the fire was more utterly incomprehensible to himself, though he joined in it; but all explanation was cut short by the old man's frequently repeating, in an earnest, low voice, "Whist! whist!—Not a word, for your lives!"

While engaged in this way, one of the daughters had fastened blankets, or something resembling them, over the windows; and the door had received additional strength by two or three *slanes* (long-handled Irish spades), being propped up against it, after the manner that Charles XII. hastily fortified his house at Bender against the Turks.

Having no doubt that some very unwelcome visitors were expected, the shooter proceeded to load his gun, now dry and in good order, with the fresh powder. Neither did he neglect to appropriate a small iron poker, worn to a

sharp point, to be used as the above-mentioned fighting monarch did his sword on the parallel occasion, "*Qu'il enfonça dans l'estomac du Janisaire*" who first entered.

All preparations being completed, Mrs. Geoghegan and her daughters retired into the inner room, where they kept up a low moaning. The boy stood with his ear at the keyhole, in the attitude of the listening slave; while the poor host, sitting on a low stool in the doorway between the two rooms, was rocking himself backwards and forwards, and occasionally beating his breast with his clenched hands—a personification of misery and despair.

"Now what can be the meaning of all this?" said the sportsman to himself. "Here we were happier than princes: a jolly old frieze-coated farmer and his wife, splendid punch, a roaring fire, and a couple of dancing girls, when in comes a half-mad boy, gabbling Irish, jumps into the fire, where we all follow him, destroying the family brogues, blistering the pretty pink feet, setting the women crying, and the old man beating his breast, and then sit down to pass the rest of the night in cold and misery! Surely my friend Geoghegan cannot have rendered himself amenable to the law?

Has he committed some great crime, and expects the officers of justice? in which case my having joined in his little convivialities, and co-operating in his defence, may have an awkward appearance. Perhaps," thought the sportsman, "I have been taking my *ponche dansant* with a murderer, and am now going to aid and assist, and comfort and uphold, and do all sorts of kind things, to be enumerated in a second or third count, on behalf of a dreadful ruffian, who deserves to be hanged with his whole family. Now I think of it, there is a sort of dry horror about the man—a quiet, murderous manner with him, as who should say, 'Stab me that guest!'—'Stifle me that sportsman in the bog!'—'Cut me that stranger's throat!' And that silent and composed old woman—she's a likely one to lay out a body in a ditch! And the girls, with their vaulting and jumping when I sent the turf at them,—it looks like a prophetic tendency to dance upon nothing."

In order to clear up the mystery the sportsman took a chair, and seating himself close to Mr. Geoghegan, asked him in a whisper what was the matter, and whom he expected?

"Whiteboys!—Ribbonmen!—Carders!—

Villains!—Thieves of the world!" cried the old man with energy. "They 're coming to murder me and mine; to burn my house—to destroy my all! My poor boy! my poor boy! no doubt they're afther coming from him. Ochone! ochone!"

A few questions drew from him the whole story—unhappily not a rare one. His eldest son had lately married; and being prevented by a clause in the lease from making over to the young man any portion of the farm he himself occupied, the newly-married pair had removed to a neighbouring barony, and settled down on a very eligible farm—"offered," as Mr. Robins would say, "to public competition;" but unfortunately coupled, as the occupancy in such cases is in Ireland, with the hostility of the natives and the chance of suffering under a Lynch law, which it is notorious and incontestable flourishes to the exclusion of the law of the land. As was to be expected, the friends of the unsuccessful candidate had risen upon the intruder, and combined not only to drive him from the farm, but to inflict, as is too frequently the ruthless practice, summary vengeance upon all his relations. The discovery of their intentions was

made accidentally by the boy, Jody; who, sitting by the roadside to rest himself, had been passed by a large body of men. Hearing them speak of his father, he followed unperceived, and gathered from their talk that they were going to collect others in their way, and intended afterwards to pay a visit of no friendly character to Mr. Geoghegan's house. This, at least, was the inference drawn by the boy from the few sentences he heard; so taking the earliest opportunity of quitting them, he hastened home with the unwelcome tidings, and caused the commotion which we have attempted to describe.

This, indeed, was a serious affair. The sportsman, who also filled the respectable situation of a subaltern in a marching regiment, too well knew the vindictive feelings let loose on such occasions, extending not only to the destruction of property, but to the savage maltreatment, and frequently murder, of obnoxious persons; and he felt that having, during the day, literally "put his foot in it" as regarded fire and water, so had he now again done so in a very serious metaphorical sense.

To desert his new friends was a baseness he

never thought of, but still he wished them and their feuds far enough.

"A plague o' both your houses!" quoth he. "What could have induced that silly fellow, Geoghegan the younger, to set up for himself at a distance amongst strangers, thrusting himself into farms where he was clearly not wanted? It was, to say the least, a conceited and ill-judged proceeding, bringing down the wrath of a set of ruffians upon his father's house, to say nothing of his father's guest; one who, having eaten of his duck and drunk of his uncommonly fine-flavoured illicit whisky, makes it a point of honour to stay and partake also of the family maltreatment: roasted, perhaps, within doors, or taken out in the snow and beaten to a jelly. Why not stay at home and work the old farm better, or cut and dry more turf, and keep a second pig? Who could desire a better country? To be sure the hills are rocky, but that proves the abundance of limestone, so indispensable in agriculture; and the flats are soft enough to satisfy any one (fine alluvial soil, however). He must really have been an idiot to leave the place! The house is roomy—in fact, as people are packed in

this country, too large for the present family; and they might have slept in the kish! The man must positively be mad! But why not thrash him well and send him home at first? Why not check at once such an absurd spirit of wandering? 'A plague o' both your houses! I'm peppered, I warrant, for this world! Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man!' I wonder how they mean to deal with us! Pick a hole in the mud-wall and draw us individually like a brood of badgers, or, setting fire to the thatch, bake us collectively into a noble pie? Ah, I remember my poor dear grandmother's receipt for a pasty,—'Bone your meat, and beat well before cutting up!' Singular if they should hit upon the same process here, substituting blackthorn sticks for rolling-pins. Perhaps some of them, with a taste for ornamental pastry, may suggest the crossing of the Miss Geoghegan's pink feet out of the top of the crust. And the same fire will do a nice little pig-tart adjoining the larger pasty. 'Let me off this once,' said the stranger, 'and catch me accepting hospitality in a lone house in this country again, and running the risk of assisting in a *pâté de Geoghegan au sous-officier.*'"

While these thoughts were passing through the stranger's mind, he exchanged reluctantly the host's warm coat for his own half-dry shooting-jacket, not thinking it incumbent upon him to put his own shoulders unnecessarily in the way of receiving that which might be meant for those of the right owner. Having made these little arrangements, and put the poker in his pocket, the sportsman sat down calmly to await the result in anything but a comfortable frame of mind, and certainly a most chilly state of body. Still nobody came, and he heartily regretted the frantic haste which they had shewn in putting out the fire. The boy, Jody, kept his place at the door, and the same low moaning went on unremittingly inside.

"Why not leave the house?" said the sportsman, at last, to old Geoghegan. "Why should we wait here to be killed or beaten, or frozen or roasted? Why not take refuge in some place a little more defensible—a house with a slate roof at any rate?—here we have no chance."

But the old man would not hear of it; urging, however, his guest to leave them to their fate, as, being a stranger, he might reckon confidently upon suffering no interruption on the highway, encounter whom he might.

The sportsman comforted the old man by assuring him he meant to see him and his through the adventure, good or bad, and received the low-murmured blessings of the whole family. There seemed nothing for it but patience and a pie.

More than half an hour was spent most uncomfortably in this way, when the watchful sentry began to shew signs of animation. Some sound had caught his ear, so entirely inaudible to the rest that they thought it the boy's fancy; but in a moment after they were startled by three or four loud raps against the door, and a gruff voice spoke a few words in Irish, among which might be recognised the name of the family. No answer being returned, after a pause of a few seconds a louder demand was made, accompanied by a violent kicking at the door. Old Geoghegan said something from the inner room, as if just roused from sleep, and a conversation of some length took place, during which the old man came reluctantly forward towards the door, where he stood expostulating, as it would seem, with the man outside. This latter appeared to be getting impatient by the increasing loudness of his voice, but still there was no great incivility in his tone. To the

guest's unbounded astonishment, the old man at last, after much misgiving, slowly and with great hesitation removed one of the slanes from the door, and was about to do the same with the others, when the guest thought it high time to interfere and prevent his evident intention of surrendering at discretion. The women also came out and joined in urging the absurdity of such a proceeding, poor Katty falling on her knees and imploring her father and the stranger, alternately, to keep fast the door till they at least knew who they had to deal with. Poor Geoghegan wrung his hands in despair, but told the man outside that he declined to open the door. This produced a pause, and then another application, which being also unsuccessful, there arose all round the house a most ferocious yell by at least twenty voices, repeated by others at a greater distance: the three windows were simultaneously beaten in, and such a pounding of fists and feet and sticks, or the butts of guns, was given to the door, that the frail tenement shook throughout. Three shots were fired through the windows, and others at the gable end of the house: violent blows and kicks were also inflicted on the mud-walls; and the

assailants, frantic with rage at being foiled in their attempt to get the door opened, went round the house roaring and screaming like a troop of famished wolves. Fortunately the windows of Irish cabins are too small to admit a man. More shots were fired at the gable end, which seemed strange, as there were no windows there; and then a consultation took place, during which old Geoghegan came to the sports man and said, that having failed in setting fire to the thatch by firing shots into it to windward, they had despatched some of the party to procure lighted turf to put under the eaves.

"And now," said the old man, "we'll be obliged to open the doore, or be burnt alive."

The alternative was not a pleasant one; but the guest differed entirely from his host as to the propriety of surrendering even then. If it had been dangerous while the assailants were cool, how much more so was it now that their passions were excited, and they felt enraged at being baffled by the passive resistance of the garrison!

A sudden thought struck the sportsman. Going to one of the windows, he called aloud in English, and requested that those outside would listen a moment to what he was going

to say. There was a pause immediately, and he proceeded to tell them who and what he was, and asked if any one amongst them knew or had heard of him, and if so he would be glad to speak with him. A voice answered in good English, "I know the man you speak of, but you are not him: I seen him myself going off in the canal boat this morning."

The shooter answered that it was true he had gone a few miles in the boat to shoot, but that on his return he found a requisition for a party to come to this house to protect it, as their visit had been expected. "And now," said the shooter, "I have only waited to prove the unlawful nature of your intentions, and if you do not immediately quit the premises I shall order my men to fire. *With ball cartridge, load!*" Hereupon, with the butt of his gun between his knees, he made a clicking of the two locks, followed by a working of the ramrod to serve for a party of a dozen at least.

"Now," said the commander of the garrison, going close up to the window, "I don't wish to shed blood, but you know I *must* do my duty. *Ready!* Geoghegan, unbar the door!"

While they were pretending with some

bustle to do this, the representative of the troop fired a shot through the front window, followed as quickly as he could wheel round by another through that at the back; but this it appeared was unnecessary, for the gossoon, leaving his post, said they began to retire rapidly at the first working of the ramrods.

It may be readily supposed that they rejoiced not a little at the unexpectedly peaceable termination of the adventure: and that the culinary anticipations, instead of resulting in a pie, had gone no further than putting the party into a bit of a stew.

But the man of many ramrods was by no means satisfied of their final departure, and thought it probable that, upon conferring together, and finding no sortie take place on the part of the garrison, a suspicion of the truth might obtain amongst them; in which case they would return more blood-thirsty than ever, and not to be put off by any pretence a second time. This notion, however, was scouted by the whole family.

"Divle a fear of their coming back to-night, any how," said old Geoghegan; "they cut aff quick enough when yer honour towld 'em of the scrimmage ye were going to give em.

Faith, it's most out of the barony they are by this time. I'll engage they're afther fancying th' army's at the tail o' them. Well, any how I'll swear to Andy Leary and the Nowlans."

Jody also said that he recognised several more, so that it seemed to the stranger advisable, instead of retiring to bed, as counselled by the old man, that he should make the best of his way home, and being furnished with a magistrate's warrant, and accompanied by a sufficient force, to attempt the apprehension of those recognised without further delay.

The gossoon again came to their aid, and volunteered to procure within half an hour "a grate harss entirely," upon which the sportsman might ride home, and bring back again with his party in the morning. This feasible plan was at once adopted, and the boy poked with some difficulty out of one of the small windows to procure the loan of this valuable animal.

As good luck had attended them all along, so did it not fail them now. Jody found the thatch, which had been fired into, though damp, was actually ignited, and a red glow of fire was observed on the weather-side of the house, which in a very short space of time would

have spread to an extent beyond what their feeble means could cope with. Sallying forth, all hands set to work in earnest in the encounter of the new enemy, and with the aid of water, snow, and tearing down a portion of the thatch, succeeded in saving the house.

I will not inflict upon the reader a relation of how the subaltern-sportsman jolted back to his quarters, six of the longest miles he ever rode, upon the bare back of the "grate harss entirely," (which turned out to be a miserable half-starved pony); how he gave in the names of those recognised to a magistrate, who returned with him and his party at day-break; and how the greater portion of the ensuing day was spent in the search for, and eventual apprehension of, several of the offenders.

I may, however, mention here that Geoghegan the younger, the cause of all the mischief, after experiencing some rough usage and many threatening notices, gave up his land and returned to his father's house till some small farm should fall vacant nearer home.

The shooter had ample revenge upon the wild fowl, after all, under the guidance of the boy Jody, who proved himself an invaluable

marker: and for the purpose of procuring his assistance our sportsman paid many visits to the house of Geoghegan, where they never could make enough of him.

The united families seemed very happy, and for the present found plenty of room, but it was never revealed who slept in the kish.

It has been forgotten to mention that the poor pig was shot on the night of the onslaught—a catastrophe not, perhaps, to be much deplored, as he would have been called upon in a few weeks to pay the rent; and from the absence of all outcry in the execution, he was probably rather a gainer on the score of pain than otherwise.

END OF VOL. I.

London:—George Barclay, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

NEW AND ENTERTAINING WORK

ON THE

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A delightful little book; somewhat in the manner of Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles," and in our opinion quite as clever. It is the "journal of a patient;" a retired military man apparently; who sought and found health in the hot baths at Germany. There is matter in the little volume that a book-maker might have expanded into goodly octavos; but such witty sense rarely falls in the book-maker's way. Nor in the critic's either; who is grateful accordingly, and for the present has but to add that while the German Baths gave the writer infinite relief, the general run of German manners impressed him the other way. Robbed in London, and more robbed in France, he was most robbed in Germany. He also found the superlative of *dirt* among our smoking, thinking, drinking brethren of the Rhine; and seems to hold the abundance and magnificence of their Baths as the provision of a kind Providence against that national failing.

THE COURT JOURNAL.

If the writer of this pleasant note-book of a patient, impatient of the prescriptions of the doctors, and in search of health at the fountain-head, derived renewed vivacity from the hot-baths of Germany, the reader of it fairly participates in the good spirits obtained. A more chatty, lively, and anti-hypochondriac journal, we have never read. It is full of shrewd remarks, of pertinent observations, and of genuine good humour. He must be indeed a moody-mettled rascal who can read it and yet retain his melancholy. A variety of clever etchings illustrate the characters and oddities of the work.

MORNING POST.

If the world has not lost its appreciation of taste, intellect, and talent, seasoned by the liveliest good humour and the most shrewd observation, this work must immediately become a general favourite. We know not whether its amusing and graphic descriptions of life at the continental spas, or the vein of rich individuality which runs through the whole, is the most delightful. This Izaac Walton style of gossip is the happiest imaginable when it is confined to the telling of those things which are worthy of being told, and in this "HOT-WATER CURE" the *matter* is most worthy of the *manner*—the one comprising new scenes and sound information, the other charming us with life, energy, humour, and an inimitable talent of description.

THE ATLAS.

We have seldom perused a more amusing production than this "HOT-WATER CURE." The author has gone over a well-known and well-used path, but he has pursued his way with sprightly steps, and what he relates possesses an original and piquant spirit. His work has something of the mannerism that characterises the "Brunnens of Nassau," by Sir Francis Head, and also a flavour of the style in which "Eöthen" is written.

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